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Diary of the Week.

MR. ASQUITH'S declaration upon Thursday night was received with immense satisfaction, enhanced by the unmannerly interruption which attended his earlier attempt to acquaint the House with the important determination of the Ministry. "If the Lords fail to accept our policy, or decline to consider it when it is formally presented to this House, we will feel it our duty immediately to tender advice to the Crown as to the steps which will have to be taken if that policy is to receive statutory effect in this Parliament." Two other sentences complete the substance of this pronouncement, "If we do not find ourselves in a position to ensure that statutory effect will be given to this policy in this Parliament, we shall then either resign our offices or recommend the dissolution of Parliament." "Let me add this, in no case could we recommend a dissolution except under such conditions as will secure that in the new Parliament the judgment of the people, as expressed at the election, will be carried into law."

THE most interesting passages of the very business-like speech in which Mr. Asquith moved the all-important Resolution concerning "Bills other than Money Bills," dealt with the question of the identity of a Bill during the course of the two years or more which might supervene between its introduction and its carriage in the teeth of the refusal or mutilation of the Upper House. For the first time in the course of the new proposals, he here indicated that if, as a result of "conferences held in conformity with the Standing Orders or Rules which each House is at liberty for itself to adopt, agreement was arrived at that in certain par-

ticulars the Bill should be reintroduced in an amended form as agreed, then, also, it might be treated for this purpose as the same Bill." This suggestion of Conferences as an instrument of conciliation and of bargaining was given more body by Mr. Churchill on Tuesday night, when he referred to it, not as a new proposal, but as one which figured in the Campbell-Bannerman resolution. It was not, however, left quite clear whether it was intended to incorporate this machinery in the Bill or to leave it to the discretion of the Houses to adopt when they thought fit.

In Tuesday's debate Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain showed less than their usual skill in harassing criticism; for, in order to make minor points, they gave away two chief lines of defence. The main contention of the Opposition is that the policy of the Veto Resolutions in effect establishes a Single Chamber. In order to support this view, it would be desirable to show that no real power was conferred by the Statutory Suspensory Veto. But Mr. Balfour chose to press, for far more than it meant, Mr. Birrell's statement that the powers given to the Second Chamber are "in some respects greater than those at present enjoyed by the House of Lords." From this he argued that the "interference" with House of Commons legislation would be greater, not less, than now. What Mr. Birrell doubtless meant was that the power of delay and of bargaining might enable a discreet House of Lords to exercise a larger actual influence upon the character of the laws than their existing unrestricted rejection and mutilation gave them. But, as Mr. Churchill drove home with merciless logic, what then becomes of the Single Chamber bogey?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, reiterating the constant denial that social or industrial legislation suffers under the Lords, cited once more the Trades Disputes Bill, which the Lords accepted avowedly because it was not "favorable ground" on which to fight Commons and people. But, in the light of this instance, what becomes of the contention that a Second Chamber of an independent character is needed to resist the unconsidered measures demanded by the hot passions of the populace, and pressed upon the representative House in the hurly-burly of a feverish election? The Trades Disputes Bill is just the measure which ought to have been refused on the "we-know-better-what-the-people-ought-to-want" theory.

In one of the most powerful speeches which this controversy has evoked, Mr. Churchill did much more than expose these contradictions in the defence of the Lords. Going behind the stage-combat, he dwelt upon the fundamental changes which made the present working of the Constitution no longer possible. Further advances in social reform were blocked by entrenched interests of property, which utilise the House of Lords as an instrument to secure them against the changes demanded by our modern democracy. Though pronouncing with perhaps unnecessary fervor in favor of a second elective Chamber, Mr. Churchill most effectively exposed the hollowness of the pretended panic at the

possibility of Single-Chamber government by dwelling upon the oft-forgotten truth that in most really critical issues of government, including war, peace, treaties, supply, police, we have long been subject to this system.

* * *

JUDICIOUSLY vague are the terms in which Lord Rosebery has couched his further resolutions regarding Reform of the House of Lords. "Lords of Parliament" are to qualify in one of three ways: "(a) Chosen by the whole body of hereditary peers from among themselves and by nomination by the Crown; (b) sitting by virtue of office and of qualifications held by them; (c) chosen from outside." How many of each sort, what kind of "qualifications" in the case of class *b*, what mode of "choice" in the case of class *c*, these very material considerations remain in the void. Just so long as they do so, the Rosebery plan may continue to command considerable adhesion. The "term of office," in all cases save in that of "*ex-officio*" members, is to be "the same," but what "the same" signifies, of that we have no inkling. Surely Lord Rosebery is trifling with the august Assembly when he presents them with such shapeless proposals.

* * *

PROBABLY for once in his political life Mr. Rees took a step popular in the party to which he professes to belong, when he talked out the resolution on the removal of political disabilities of trade unions. For the debate made it evident that many sincere friends of trade unionism were not prepared straightway to condemn the Osborne judgment. Some were affected by the feeling forcibly expressed by Mr. Vivian, that minorities should not be deprived of the benefits of trade unionism because they objected to contribute to the funds of a political party of whose policy they disapproved. Others were motivated by a preference for public payment of members. On the other hand, Mr. Shackleton made a strong appeal when he dwelt upon the unquestioned usage of the past forty years, and suggested that the recent challenge was due, not to the political action of trade unions, but to the formation of a distinct Labor Party. Indeed, part of the implication of the judgment, prohibiting any expenditure for political purposes, is an intolerable interference with the rights of workers to protect their interests by methods practised commonly by railway companies and other ordinary trading bodies.

* * *

THE General Election in the Australian Commonwealth has resulted in a decisive victory for Labor over Mr. Deakin's Liberal-Conservative Coalition. Labor, including two friendly Independent Liberals, will have 47 members against 28 "Fusionists." Mr. Fisher has been in power before, and a Labor Government is, therefore, no novelty in the ten years' history of the Commonwealth. But for the first time it has a real working majority, and the Commonwealth has broken away from the tradition of nicely balanced groups. The Labor programme is in no sense extreme, though it has alarmed the two middle-class parties into an alliance which the electorate apparently resents. The nationalisation of monopolies and the introduction of a graduated income-tax are points which it shares with advanced parties the world over. More original and more local is its proposal to set up a Federal Court of Arbitration to enforce the application of what it loves to call the New Protection—i.e., the exclusion from the benefits of the tariff of all manufacturers who fail to maintain the standard conditions of labor. The Liberals have now frankly recognised that their fight for Free

Trade is a lost cause. Their fusion with the Conservatives represents the predominance of the class struggle over all other issues.

* * *

THE popular parties in Berlin, in the course of their agitation for the franchise, have incidentally won the right to hold open-air demonstrations. The Democratic League, a Radical organisation, proposed to demonstrate in one of the Parks, but permission was at first refused by the police, on the ground that a measurement of the space and a calculation of the numbers expected to attend showed that there would be overcrowding. Some superior authority, however, intervened to overrule this decision. The demonstrations were sanctioned, and took place, not in one park, but in three. The Socialists joined with the Radicals—reducing them to comparative insignificance. The police were hardly visible, and the vast crowds marched silently and in perfect order, in their disciplined groups, under their recognised captains and marshals. The vote, in a Parliamentary sense, is as far off as ever. But the conquest of the right of meeting is a substantial gain. The co-operation of Socialists and Radicals marks an advance. Above all, the impression made by these proofs of a perfect Prussian discipline in the popular army has effected more for the cause than any violence, however angry. In Prussia it is order and obedience that win.

* * *

A BOLD step towards the recognition of Egyptian self-government has been taken this week, quite unnoticed by the daily Press. It will be remembered that the Government had put forward a scheme for the prolongation of the concession of the Suez Canal Company, in return for an immediate share in its profits. We are not competent to form an opinion on the merits of this rather complicated financial question. Mr. Harvey, in drafting it, was guided, we are sure, by a regard for Egyptian interests. The Nationalists, rightly or wrongly, were unanimous in their opposition, and even moderate Egyptian opinion agreed with them. Sir Eldon Gorst—or should we say the native Minister?—submitted the proposal to the consultative Assembly, which he was not bound to do. The Assembly rejected it, and it is now announced that the Government will abide by the Assembly's decision. In so acting, though the immediate consequences are doubtless embarrassing, the Government has acted with wisdom and strength. Lord Cromer would doubtless have ridden roughshod over Egyptian opinion. Sir Eldon Gorst and Mr. Harvey have decided to respect it, even when it runs counter to their advice. When this stage has been reached, the further step towards the formal recognition of the ability of the Egyptians to govern themselves cannot be far removed. Their right to be consulted is recognised. Their opinion, when elicited, is respected. That in effect, if not in name, is self-government.

* * *

THE French Chamber has held its final sitting, and M. Briand, in his own constituency of St. Etienne, has made his programme speech for the coming elections. The occasion was disturbed by some rather angry rioting on the part of a mob, variously described as Anarchist and as Socialist. M. Briand's desertion of the orthodox Socialist ranks to lead a not very enlightened Radical Party has naturally made him many enemies among his old comrades. With his speech we deal elsewhere. He announced his intention of pressing on the income-tax proposals, of legislating to enforce a new code of discipline for civil servants, and of introducing some

rather vaguely outlined labor legislation to give trade unionism a new official sanction, and to introduce the principle of profit-sharing in industrial concerns. More definite are his proposals for a return to the old system of elections by the *scrutin de liste*, without proportional representation. A rather serious strike is in progress among the Southern naval reservists, who occupy a privileged position in the mercantile marine. As it seemed to be failing, a sympathetic general strike has broken out at Marseilles. It has no serious organization behind it, and can hardly be prolonged, but there has been some rioting, and the mail service from the port has been disorganised.

THE Persian Government has now definitely refused the terms on which England and Russia were prepared to make it a loan of £400,000, secured on the Customs, at the rather usurious rate of 7 per cent. The idea was clearly to buy up Persia cheap as a scrap-iron nationality. The British and Russian Embassies were to have an absolute veto on the expenditure of the money. Foreign experts were to be installed in the Ministry of Finance. The gendarmerie was to be placed under foreign officers—of what nationality we do not certainly know, but rumor says Russian and British. Further, what the "Times" humorously calls the policy of the "open door," was to be exemplified by a recognition of the economic monopoly of Persia's two "protectors" in the matter of railway construction, and (to the profit of Russia) in the navigation of Lake Urumiyah. The Persians are facing their awkward financial situation bravely, and are raising what money they can by pawning or selling the Crown jewels, and by raising an internal loan. In reply to a question in the House, Sir Edward Grey appeared to sanction the indefinite stay of the Russian troops, on the ground that the "rebels" have not been suppressed. The "rebels" are the men who overthrew their unspeakable Shah, set up a Parliament once more, and saved their country from the shame of a death without a struggle.

A PROMINENT lady in Finland writes as follows to an English correspondent:—

"Truly we have cause for thanking God for all the proofs of sympathy we have received in our struggle. It is impossible to tell you the satisfaction the Professors' declaration has provoked here. The satisfaction did not find noisy expression, but everywhere, on the street as well as in the drawing-room, on the 'bus as well as in the theatre, the same question was heard. 'You have read the London declaration, haven't you?' 'Yes.' And then a hearty shake of the hands and a flash of hope in the eyes.

"The Diet is convoked, but for how long a time God only knows. We feared the Diet would be dissolved on the first day. In the address to the Tsar at the Diet's opening, no expression was given to our anxiety. After a long and keen discussion, the Diet resolved that the order should be followed. The President said only, 'On behalf of the Diet I convey the Diet's feeling of loyalty to the Tsar and Grand Duke.'

"The Governor-General called on the priest who should preach at the Diet's opening to submit his sermon to inspection. The preacher said it was impossible, because he did not write his sermon, and also because it was against his conscience and against law and justice so to submit it.

"The Diet has to deliver its opinion on the manifesto in a month's time. That is, we have to choose between killing ourselves and telling the Russians to do it. I think we shall prefer the latter. But we still trust that by God's help and by the moral support we have received, we may find force to vanquish the enemy."

The news from Finland is not good; and we tell Sir Edward Grey quite plainly that the Liberal Party

will never forgive him if he has been found wanting in this grave peril to European liberty.

THE newspaper accounts of what occurred in the case of Charles Bulbeck, a boy of twelve, sentenced by the Hayward's Heath magistrates to a birching and six years' detention, for stealing a lump of coal, and just released, still leave the matter unintelligible from the side of law, as from that of justice. As the boy was ordered to be whipped, he must have been formally convicted, after consenting to be tried. Did he consent, and was he even asked? But, after conviction for an indictable offence, he could not be sent for six years to an industrial school. Lads convicted of offences punishable by imprisonment may be sent to a reformatory for a maximum period of five years, but not to an industrial school. If he had not been convicted, he might have been sent to an industrial school. But, even then, he could not have been sent there for more than four years, i.e., up to sixteen years of age. Yet we are informed that he was at an industrial school until his release. We should like to understand more exactly the nature of the legal process which these military magistrates, and the Chancery K.C. who sat with them, put into operation.

THE dinner to Sir Charles Dilke last Thursday, presided over by the Bishop of Birmingham, was a very proper recognition of the untiring labor of many years which Sir Charles has given to the establishment of Trade Boards, as a method of dealing with sweated industries. It is seldom that any public man is entitled to look upon his handicraft with so much satisfaction. The most remarkable feature of this policy has been the unanimity of its acceptance by all parties. This unanimity, indeed, was in evidence at the dinner, which was attended by leading politicians of every party in Parliament, as well as by important officials of the Labor Department, both of this country and of France.

THE death of Sir Robert Giffen, in his 74th year, removes one whose official career enabled him to render peculiar services to the cause of a more scientific statecraft. For when, after a large experience in general and financial journalism, upon the "Daily News," the "Economist," the "Spectator," and the "Statist," Mr. Giffen entered the service of the State, in 1876, as Chief of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, methods of official figuring were often of the crudest and most primitive order. Both in his official capacity, and as an authoritative writer in the leading reviews, Sir Robert Giffen contributed more than any other man of his time to raise the standard of statistical studies and to submit loose popular generalisations to the test of figures. His collected "Essays in Finance" have long held an important place in modern economic literature.

SIR W. Q. ORCHARDSON, the well-known Academician, died on Wednesday night, after a fortnight's illness. The deceased artist always maintained the right to introduce a "sentimental" motive into a picture, and some of his best-known works, such as "Her Mother's Voice," and "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon," are frankly sentimental genre. But there was always more than sentimentality in his art, and in later years his craftsmanship and his color gift developed and refined themselves so markedly as to give distinction to any theme he chose to handle. The later portraits especially were wonders of sympathetic insight and matured technique.

Politics and Affairs.

THE END IN SIGHT.

THE long-expected, though it be inevitable, always comes in an atmosphere of surprise. So Mr. Asquith's firm and clear announcement on Thursday night that, upon the rejection or avoidance by the Lords of the Resolutions which have just received the sanction of the Commons, he would tender "advice to the Crown as to the steps which will have to be taken if that policy is to receive statutory effect in this Parliament," has made a sudden and profound impression upon the nation. It will be well to understand at the outset, as clearly as we may, what it is that the Government has undertaken. There can be no possible doubt that the Resolutions will be rejected or shelved when, in due course, they come before the Lords. Mr. Asquith will then, we presume, ascertain from the King whether he consents to regard the situation as one which warrants him in assuring the Ministry that he will assist them, in the only manner possible, to carry through the House of Lords a Bill embodying the substance of the Resolutions. If the King takes the view of the Constitution which Lord Crewe so powerfully expounded last week, and which we presume to represent the view of the united Cabinet—viz., that Ministers can ask for the employment of the Royal Prerogative, not as a favor, but as an instrument to the use of which, in case of political necessity, they are entitled—the matter moves smoothly to a single plain conclusion. The Government would then introduce, debate, and pass through the Commons their Anti-Veto Bill, and would present it to the House of Lords for complete acceptance. Should the Lords accept it, as they would if reasonable considerations prevailed, well and good; the Bill becomes a Statute, and the supremacy of the House of Commons over finance and over legislation is achieved. Should perverse counsels among the Peers prevail, the Government will then secure the use of the Royal Prerogative, in order to create the necessary number of Liberal peers to carry through the measure.

This reading of the constitutional position does not, as is falsely represented by the Tory Press, bring any undue pressure upon the Crown, or make it partaker in a revolutionary course of action involving an invasion of the rights of another Estate of the realm. On the contrary, the act of tendering advice implies an absolute and full assumption of all responsibility by the Ministry. It would, we think, be recognised by every ordinary citizen who thinks he lives under a popular government, that the King suffered no diminution of his dignity and incurred no personal responsibility by accepting unconditionally the advice thus tendered him. The policy to be embodied in such a Bill has been expressly endorsed by the people at a recent General Election, and it is essential to the further continuance of representative institutions in this country.

But this reading of the Constitution, we freely admit, is not universally accepted. It may be the case that the King does not adopt the view that he can thus easily and completely divest himself of all responsibility

for a use of his Prerogative fraught with such grave consequences. As a constitutional monarch he might raise doubts as to the sufficiency of the popular acceptance of this policy at the last election. Nor can we deny that language mistakenly used by one or two Ministers, notoriously by Mr. Haldane, might be taken to support this view. Though, then, it would be matter for regret, it could be no matter for surprise if the King should express a desire that the electorate should once more be invited to express a plain opinion on this single issue before he was justified in empowering Ministers to take a measure so extreme. It is, of course, evident that Mr. Asquith contemplates the possibility of such an appeal to the country, though we still hope that it may not be necessary. If it does take place, it can come about only in one of two ways. There is now, we understand, no danger of an overthrow of the Government in a division on the Budget. Mr. Asquith's announcement secures this important fruit of the labors of last session, and the passing of the Budget will greatly raise the spirits of Liberals in the country. A General Election may occur, in consequence of the King's desire for a referendum on the anti-veto policy. In that event, every endeavor should be taken to fulfil what is understood as the King's desire, by keeping, as far as possible, in the background all other issues, whether of Tariff Reform, Land policy, or House of Lords Reform, which might interfere with the efficacy of this single appeal. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the plain and precise manner in which the Prime Minister informed the House that "in no case could we recommend a dissolution, except under such conditions as will secure that in the new Parliament the judgment of the people, as expressed at the election, will be carried into effect." An election fought under such auspices could not fail to yield a majority in favour of the Government's policy. Of course, it would be clearly understood that no question of the size of the majority, or its composition, would enter into the determination of the issue.

In his restrained statement to the House, it was, of course, entirely proper that the Prime Minister should not assume that which he is to ask. In his forecast of possibilities, he therefore included one which pre-supposed that the King might not feel able to accept the advice tendered him with regard to guarantees available either in this Parliament or in another. This is doubtless the meaning of the reference to the possibility of resignation in case the statutory effect for the Resolutions is unattainable in this Parliament. It is, however, unnecessary here to discuss a situation which, we frankly confess, appears almost inconceivable. The predicament in which Mr. Balfour would be placed if, as a result of such a resignation, he were sent for, is the least important aspect of the grave situation that would arise. For the announcement by the Government that they would not be in a position to secure the predominance of the House of Commons by the only method which gives security, either now or in the next Parliament, would constitute an admission of the collapse of representative Government. The appeal to the country, from the standpoint

of Liberalism, would assume a wholly new complexion if Liberal Ministers, on approaching the electorate, were compelled to inform them that, however large the majority of Liberals returned at the polls, however overwhelming the demand for an anti-Veto measure, no Liberals could consent to undertake the conduct of the King's Government. It is the impossibility of believing that such a revolutionary situation can arise in England that inspires us with confidence that we are approaching the achievement of the Government policy. If it comes to another election upon the Lords' rejection of the Bill, or even before, upon the policy as conveyed in the resolutions, we are assured that the concentration of the public mind upon this urgent issue will lead to a recognition that there is no other escape from the morass, in which the reckless violence of the Lords has plunged the country, than by the formal limitation of the power of the Lords through such legislation as is indicated in these resolutions. When the electorate grasps this plain fact, they will manifest their will in unmistakable terms. Mr. Balfour and the Unionist politicians know this well. Behind all their feigned defences of the Lords they cower and shiver as they confront the possibility of an election fought upon the question whether an hereditary house of landlords and rich men shall or shall not govern this country.

THREATS TO RESTORE THE VETO.

CAREFUL observers of the current controversy will note a change of tone and temper in the discussion of the use of the Royal Prerogative among Unionists. Hitherto their attitude was one of feigned incredulity. Mr. Asquith would never summon up effrontery enough to approach the King with so monstrous a demand as the packing of the House of Lords with three hundred sworn assassins, or were he guilty of such insolence, his conduct would be treated with the contumely that it deserved. The Government does not mean business! When they have marched seven times round the citadel and blown loudly their rams' horns, but see that the walls do not fall down, they will execute a masterly retreat. This tone, supported awhile by the apparent embarrassment of Liberal tactics, is now dropped. Many signs in Parliament and the Tory Press indicate a growing conviction, not merely that the Government does mean business by the only method open to them, but that the King's Prerogative will actually be used, conformably with the pressing needs of the constitutional situation, either before or after another General Election.

This just reading of the constitutional situation is naturally slow of acceptance among Conservatives, whose curiously composed "loyalty" impels them to throw the throne across the track of constitutional reform. But it is tolerably evident that they now recognise a likelihood of the successful pursuance of this constitutional course. It cannot, indeed, be said that their new attitude is one of Christian resignation. Far from it. It is rather one of infantile exasperation and menace. The veto that one Government can thus

destroy, another, they threaten, using the same Royal Prerogative, can, and will, restore. The "Spectator" has ingenuously informed us exactly how it will be done. Over three hundred *ad hoc* peers will not, after all, be such terrible fellows. They will be the sons of existing Liberal peers, promoted Liberal baronets, and other men of fame and substance in the counties and the leading cities. Their radical proclivities may last through the process of voting down the Veto. But by the time the country has returned the next Conservative House of Commons, the de-liberalising atmosphere of the Gilded Chamber will have had ample time to operate upon the new peers, and they will be ripe for voting a full restoration of their ceded powers. So the fruits of the revolution will be plucked from the lips of Liberalism by a counter-revolution. There is, it is candidly admitted, no sufficient reason to suppose that Liberals would accept this first rebuff. But the next time a Liberal Government took office, the Royal Prerogative (if the Conservatives had failed to destroy it by "Reform") would have to be invoked for the creation of enough peers to vote down, not merely the present opposition, but their own lapsed lordlings. So, it might seem, with a due alternation of party governments, each using the Prerogative anew, the number of necessary fresh peers would so grow by geometrical progression that in the end the true goal of democracy would be reached by making every elector a peer!

This fabric of absurdity stands on the assumption that the absolute Veto, once destroyed, can be restored. Now, if the leaders of the Opposition really believed this, their anger and dismay would not be what it is. But though the "Spectator," Mr. Gibson Bowles, and so profound a statesman as Professor Saintsbury may contemplate as possible this game of constitutional see-saw, politicians endowed with some historic sense know that an organic change no more admits of such simple process of reversal than does the surgical operation to which it is often compared.

It is, of course, quite true that the action contemplated by the Government is a departure from the normal course of constitutional change in this country. It is an act of violence done in self-defence by an outraged people. In the ordinary course of the history of British democracy, the veto of the Lords would have followed the veto of the Crown, passing by slow, insensible degrees into desuetude, and leaving the plenary power of legislative, as of executive, government in the hands of the representative House. Such, until recent years, has been the generally accepted interpretation of the spirit of our constitution. But the late insurrection of the peers has made this interpretation no longer safe or possible. Not only have they invaded the rights of the Commons, but they threaten, under the pretext of reforming their composition, to invade the Royal Prerogative. Were their conspiracy to succeed, the whole tenor of self-government in the country would be reversed, and an hereditary oligarchy of rich landowners and capitalists would govern the nation. It is the extremity of this peril that compels the representatives of the people to assist the natural course of history by a single formal act of force needed to remove

an artificial obstruction thrown across the path of political progress. If, indeed, as indignant writers in the "Times" often assume, the trend of our national history were quite indifferent, and it remained still an open question and an equal chance whether the secular movement were towards or away from popular self-government, the talk of restoring the fallen Veto might not be the idle threat it actually is. But does any sane politician of any party really accept as a possibility the result which "Historicus," in a letter to "The Times," says must follow the failure of the Commons to carry their cause, viz., that "the centre of political power—that is to say, the Government-making authority—will be transferred hereafter, without much friction, by gradual but inevitable process, from the Commons to the Lords"? No one believes this possible. It is the general recognition of the fact that this act of breaking the Veto of the Lords, however violent, however artificial it may seem, does not fight against, but co-operates with and facilitates, the normal tendency of political development, that constitutes its real defence. This same consideration enables Liberals to laugh to scorn the wild and furious threats of reaction and reprisal to which the enemies of popular liberty give vent when they realise the futility of their attempt to defend privileges, and to dodge their share of the common burdens by their policy of usurpation.

SECRET SERVICE.

THERE is no subject upon which the average law-abiding citizen is less disposed to exercise his vigilance than upon the procedure which watches over political or quasi-political crime. It exists to protect him, his Sovereign, and his country. Its victims, if not actually guilty of treason or violence, are at least reckless extremists who have in some way become suspect. To the plain man, Fenians, Indian Nationalists, Russian refugees are more or less fair game. At a moment of panic, with the fear of some outrage before his eyes, he is less than ever disposed to exercise a critical watchfulness, which would seem to convict him of some measure of sympathy with disturbers of public order. The casual self-revelation which Sir Robert Anderson has made in the course of the miscellaneous confessions which he is contributing to "Blackwood's Magazine" raises as an immediate issue the relations of officials to the Press. It is a grave matter that a high employé of the Home Office should have written three anonymous articles on "Parnellism and Crime" for the "Times." But this breach of a very necessary rule, which imposes silence upon civil servants, was not the whole of his offence. It was part of a deliberate policy, by which the resources of the secret service were used to discredit an unpopular party through a hostile Press. But, indeed, the psychology of this very original chief of police deserves all the attention which he has thought fit to call to it. One seems to be reading some detective romance rather than the sober records of a responsible official. The detection and punishment of crime become a sort of vendetta, in which any method is sanctified provided it attains its end. The world has been startled by the

brief paragraph in which the authorship of these mysterious articles was carelessly—and perhaps inaccurately—avowed. But there is much else of interest in these slovenly revelations. Take, for example, the story of the arrest of Jabez Balfour in Argentina. The fugitive was with much difficulty got on board a special train. But, as the provincial authorities were pressing a pending local suit against him, a sheriff's officer was by them told off to arrest the train, and stood on the line waving the warrant in his hand. Sir Robert Anderson relates, with much gusto, and without a word of disapproval, how the English detective, who was on the engine, placed himself beside the driver and the brakes, so that the train rushed over the body of the Argentine officer and cut him in pieces. The detective who did this thing was promoted, and is still in the service. The widow of the slaughtered man, he assures us, was compensated. Such were the morals which ruled at Scotland Yard under a chief who relaxed the pursuit of Irish politicals only to expound the prophecies of Daniel.

Of two definite breaches of the civil servant's code Sir Robert Anderson stands self-accused. He contributed to the "Times" a series of articles designed to inculcate the Irish Party in the more or less operative plots of American Fenians. He also assisted his agent, the spy Le Caron, by supplying him, for the purpose of giving evidence against Mr. Parnell, with Fenian documents, which had been procured for the Home Office with secret-service money. These documents had formed the basis of Sir Robert Anderson's own articles in the "Times." Le Caron went into the witness-box, armed with Home Office papers, to justify the charges which its servant had made in the Press. It is hardly necessary to consider Sir Robert's defence that Le Caron ought to have had the custody of these papers, because the Fenians might have murdered him if he had been unable to produce them. The papers, as we learn from Mr. Asquith's answer in the House, were given for the purpose of the Parnell Commission, and at a time when Le Caron had ceased to pose as a Fenian, and was about to come forward publicly as a spy. Sir Robert's action, in other words, made the Home Office, without the knowledge of the Home Secretary, the inspirer of the "Times" in its onslaught upon a political opponent, and the supporter of the "Times" when that opponent stood before a Commission to vindicate his honor. His excuse that he had recourse to the columns of the "Times" in May, in order to prevent a dynamite outrage at Westminster in June, is a confusion of the issue that need hardly detain us. A private person, unable to arouse the police to the reality of a coming danger, might properly make use of the Press. But Sir Robert Anderson, if he knew of this contemplated plot, had also at his command the means of checking it. We assume, without difficulty, that he really did believe in this gunpowder treason. A man who believes that Napoleon—or was it Parnell?—is the Little Horn in Daniel, a man who believes that an indeterminate sentence can reform a criminal, will believe in anything.

Mr. Redmond, we hope, will press his demand for

an inquiry. The spasmodic garrulity of Sir Robert Anderson, if we assume him to be an accurate historian, suggests that, though he may in some instances have acted without the knowledge of his chief, the practice of tuning the Press against the Irish Party was sometimes a recognised official method. In "Blackwood's Magazine" for March he wrote this suggestive passage:—

"There is no better way of disorganising a conspiracy than by turning the light upon it. I played this game with marked success forty years ago, when, with the express sanction of Mr. Gladstone's Government, I published the secret history of the Fenian movement up to date. And many times afterwards, especially during Sir William Harcourt's reign at the Home Office, plots were thwarted and crimes prevented by similar exposures in the Press. When, therefore, the "Times" set itself to render a great national service by exposing the new phase which the Irish conspiracy had assumed in Parnellism, the question was raised of resorting to the same tactics."

This passage is in itself a sufficient commentary on these "tactics." The man who was authorised—unless, indeed, his memory is at fault—to use secret service information to expose the Irish Party in the Press, is defined for us by his own phrases. He can still regard the campaign which opened with the Pigott forgeries as "a great national service." He can still affect, in spite of the findings of the Parnell Commission, to consider Parnellism as a phase of a "conspiracy." One may imagine through what sort of critical sieve the venal revelations of spies and informers were passed during this period at the Home Office—the sieve of a mind which inherited all the rancor of the Irish Protestant for the Irish Catholic. It is an irritating self-deception which pretends that this material of official calumny was published to prevent crime. It served the purpose of a party game. It was the ammunition of the anti-Irish orator in the Home Rule campaign. It was the plea for the Coercion Act of 1887. It was part of the manufactured bitterness that for a generation has delayed the reconciliation between the Irish and the English races. If the confession that such methods were practised by a civil servant may be openly made with no worse consequences than a rebuke at question-time in the House, there is no security against the continual abuse of the Press by officials who sow anonymous discord. What check have we upon some zealous Jingo at the Admiralty who might choose to use the Press to foment a naval scare, upon an official at the Foreign Office who took upon himself to make a war, or upon an Anglo-Indian who might feel himself authorised to give to the world the revelations of some Bengali Le Caron? The rule of secrecy, we daresay, is commonly observed. But, unless it is severely enforced, the temptation to break through it in the interests of a party which will protect, and may even honor, the offender will not always be resisted.

THE GREAT RUBBER BOOM.

VARIOUS attempts have been made to define speculation with reference to Stock Exchange transactions. According to one, "Speculation means the acquisition of pro-

perty, real or otherwise, whatever the yield may be, with the intention of selling such property, within a comparatively short time, at a profit." We are not sure that this covers the whole ground; but it is fairly comprehensive, and serves us well at this moment; for it exactly fits the great rubber boom of 1910, and it is of this boom (which may or may not have just passed its highest point) that we wish to write. Some definitions of speculation would confine it to transactions carried on with borrowed money, usually by contangoes on the Stock Exchange. But this is not of the essence. Indeed, most of the rubber speculators have been buying their shares outright. Yet another view would make the term speculation depend entirely upon the knowledge and skill of the speculator. A writer in the financial press explained recently that "a Mincing-lane broker could *invest* in rubber shares," and that the same "investment" by an outsider would be mere *speculation*. There is doubtless a good deal in this psychological distinction, though we should have thought it belonged rather to the antithesis between gambling and investment. There is no real contrast, no sharp dividing-line, between the investor and the speculator. We hear constantly of speculative investments, and the expert is quite as likely to make a speculative investment as the ignoramus, perhaps more so; for, if we apply our philosophy to the rubber boom, we should be inclined to say that it has attained its present dimensions by the joint efforts of the experts, who speculate, and of the outsiders, who merely gamble.

The only modern boom on the London Stock Exchange which can at all compare with the Rubber boom was the Kaffir boom of pre-war days. Great fortunes were made then by the South African magnates through the wonderful discoveries on the Rand, and the fictitious values which the public (going crazy) were induced to place upon mines, good, bad, and indifferent, both in the Transvaal and in Rhodesia. Many fortunes, too, were lost in the slump, and some even of the great mining houses were straitened and reduced by the Boer War, from which they had hoped to make still further gains. The original capital involved in the rubber boom is much smaller than that which was inflated by the Kaffir boom of 1895; but it has made up in activity and intensity for what it lacked in volume. Of this we may judge by the simple fact that last month saw a record day at the London Clearing House. The rubber market on the London Stock Exchange, which a year ago was quite small and unostentatious, has been for weeks the centre of wild interest and excitement, thronged by mobs of men trying (often vainly) to execute orders, shouting and shrieking like maniacs. Like the South Sea Bubble, the rubber boom has attracted gamblers in every walk of life, among all sorts and conditions of men and women. The classical case is that of the nursemaid who gave an office-boy thirty shillings to buy rubber shares. The small folk have been cunningly enticed by new rubber-planting companies with two-shilling shares, and doubtless thousands of tiny fortunes have been made on paper. Brokers and jobbers, at any rate, have accumulated money at a great pace. A broker's office early last week, wrote

a Stock Exchange correspondent of the "Economist," was no place for the casual caller, and jobbers thought themselves happy if they got so much as a sandwich between ten in the morning and five at night. "The market itself was sheer Bedlam. Brokers over and over again abandoned the attempt to deal, and wrote down their orders for jobbers to execute. The jobbers, making money at the rate of one to five pounds per minute, drove frantically into the crowd, and made prices gaily in shares of which they scarcely knew the name." It may be observed that a day or two later, when a small slump occurred on profit-taking, many of the jobbers remained at lunch all day, and some of the shares, which had been booming, became almost unsaleable.

Sir Robert Giffen, whose lamented death removes one of Bagehot's most eminent pupils from the economic field, wrote, some few weeks ago, in the midst of this speculation, an apt summary of the basis upon which the whole vast superstructure of speculative share values has been erected:—

"We have to do with something that reminds one of the great speculative manias of former times. The price of rubber itself, the foundation of the speculation, has risen from about 3s. per pound, the price a few years ago, to something between 8s. and 9s. per pound, with no sign as yet of a setback. The reasons for the advance are, on the one hand, the huge and increasing industrial demand for rubber for many different purposes, among which rubber tires for motors are a prominent, but by no means the only demand; and, on the other hand, the difficulty of increasing the supply quickly, as it takes a few years to bring a rubber plantation into productiveness after being started. There are accordingly all the materials for a speculative mania."

To show how the shares have responded to this great rise in the price of rubber, we may take three well-known companies. A year ago Vallombrosa was quoted at $\frac{7}{8}$. At the end of last month it had risen to 2 15-16. But this is a mild example in comparison with Kuala Lumpur, which jumped from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ last April to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ at the end of January, and to 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ at the end of last month. Linggi Plantations, which stood at 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ last November, were quoted at 3 at the end of March. There is no need to multiply instances. But can it last? Some people profess to think that with the immense demand for rubber (which may continue to expand in advance of any possible expansion of supplies) the best plantations will justify even present prices. But it is almost certain that in a few weeks or months most of the new plantations—which cannot yield rubber for five or six years—will see their shares fall as rapidly as they have risen. This is the way of all speculative fevers. When the blood cools, the public is left with its shares and the promoters with their money. Moreover, it is well known in the City that a good proportion of the new companies will prove to have acquired worthless estates, suitable, it may be, for sago or tapioca, but not for rubber—hasty purchases made by rogues who snatched at a golden opportunity of securing promoters' profits.

Perhaps the oddest feature of this almost unprecedented affair bringing so much grist to the Stock Exchange mill is that it has taken place under the

ægis of Mr. Lloyd George. If only it had been someone else—above all, if it could have been a Tariff Reform Chancellor of the Exchequer—what idolatry would have ensued! What pæans in the "Express," what puffs in the "Mail," what panegyrics in the "Times"! He would have been fêted and garlanded. His portrait would have been sold in Throgmorton Street. His statuette would have been seen in the hall of every City magnate. Instead of being ruined by the Budget, the City has been reaping a golden harvest. The clerk suddenly finds himself in unexampled demand. The salaries of this poor, neglected class are rising rapidly. Even the unemployables are being employed. Politics are ignored. The Budget is forgotten. The cry of the House of Lords is addressed to deaf ears. Once again the decline of England under its effete fiscal system has been miraculously arrested. And Tariff Reformers, who see these things and the Board of Trade returns and other signs of expanding prosperity, shake their heads dolefully and cry, "Fie upon these good times!"

M. BRIAND'S PROGRAMME.

AFTER four comparatively sterile years the French Chamber once more faces the electorate. Politics in France have maintained the stability which began, for the first time in the history of the Third Republic, to characterise them after the settlement of the Dreyfus case. The epoch of agile opportunism and short-lived Ministries is definitely closed. A single party, the Radical-Socialists, dominated the Chamber throughout these four years. The Government, indeed, was thrice remodelled, but the changes were always partial. The one event which seems to matter, when one compares the France of 1906 with the France of 1910, is that the personality of M. Clemenceau has given way to that of M. Briand. There has been no change of labels or colors, but of temperaments one could desire no sharper contrast. Witty, resourceful, masterful, a man of improvisations and impulses, a bully who rejoiced to falsify the proverb which declares that the bully is always a coward, M. Clemenceau led a government of combat, whose whole conception of statesmanship was conflict. He incarnated the traditions of the Revolution. The Republic for him was not a form of government. It was a militant organisation engaged in incessant warfare, a two-handed battle against the anarchy on the Left and the reaction on the Right. His pose was that of the strong man, who knew how to combine advanced opinions with all the manners and methods of authority. When he was not baiting the Pope or detecting a Royalist conspiracy, he was sending out his troops to fire upon miners on strike or wine-growers in revolt. Not a month in all his term of office was free from its incident—from the dismissal of a teacher, for some offence of opinion, to the two general strikes in the Paris post-offices. The energies of this virile combatant were absorbed in these angry contests. Constructive work he barely attempted. The daily conflict satisfied his sense for movement and adventure.

If M. Clemenceau embodied the militant Republic, M. Briand stands for achievement and peace. Peace is the word which rings like a refrain in all his speeches. The Church still quotes against him some old speeches that breathe a defiant and aggressive Atheism. But to-day his references to all the controversies that clash around the Church and the schools are an almost monotonous plea for conciliation and toleration. The Socialists rejoice to dig from his past incitements to the general strike against the capitalist *régime*. To-day he talks only of appeasing the conflict of classes, of making strikes for ever impossible, and of giving to labor the vested interests of a profit-sharer in the wealth which it produces. It is the France of work and realism that he represents, a positive nation concerned for results, though it loves to reach them by a clear and logical process. It is easy to read his career as that of a revolutionary Socialist who flung away his convictions when the hour of opportunity and power arrived. But the change has been subtler and less sudden than his Socialist critics are disposed to allow. It has been the change from a revolutionary to a Fabian attitude, and over it there has presided the passion for efficiency, the desire for visible results. How much of his old baggage of theory he has actually discarded in his rapid evolution from agitator to Prime Minister, we do not know. Ten years ago he talked of leading the proletariat to the conquest of the means of production by a resort to a general strike. To-day he looks coldly and critically on such crude tactics. He sees the weakness of the working-class organisation, the folly of its leaders, the failure of trade unionism, the manifest inability to organise for the heroic effort of a sudden strike. But he finds himself, still in name a Socialist, the Premier of France, the master of her legislation, and the inspirer of her policies. He proposes by law to strengthen the trade unions, to officialise them, to give them, as it were, a statutory solidarity. Four years ago Radical-Socialism stood for little more than an aggressive attitude towards the Church. Its mind was not busied with social questions. It was satisfied, under M. Clemenceau, to deal with strikes, and all the misery behind them, by calling out the cuirassiers. To the Socialists M. Briand may be only the "jaune" and blackleg who has sold his lawyer's talents to the middle class. But to his own conscience he doubtless makes this apology for his success—that at last he has brought Radicalism to face the need of a constructive treatment of social questions.

To the English mind there is something inexplicable in the slowness and sterility of French legislative processes. Where we think of a Bill as the work of one session, the French are satisfied to regard it as the normal work of two Parliaments. A new tariff and some minor legislation affecting the Army, with the Old Age Pensions Act, completed the output of the late Chamber in legislation. M. Briand's programme is somewhat more ambitious. The income-tax is at last to become a reality. The Civil Services are to be disciplined under a code which is somehow to secure justice and exclude favoritism, while sternly forbidding strikes. Labor legislation on profit-

sharing lines is vaguely outlined. But the salient feature of the new programme is a measure of electoral reform. M. Briand proposes to abandon single-member constituencies, and to return to the old *scrutin de liste* with vast constituencies, which may even be wider than the existing Departments. The effect of this method of voting is to produce a show of unanimity. Peace, that peace which M. Briand is always ensuing, is attained by the triumph of the majority. The system in the old days was apt to favor gusts of opinion. The wind blew Boulangist, and swept a whole Department off its feet. Against this, M. Briand would provide by renewing the Chamber, one-third at a time, at intervals of three years. A strong party system, a continuous policy, the insignificance of the individual deputy—these would be the consequences of his reform. A French deputy is to-day much more a local magnate, entrenched in his own constituency, than the English member who depends on the central party machine. M. Briand would tear him up by the roots, and reduce him to a unit in a party list, dependent for his election on the impersonal vote of a vast constituency that would of necessity elect rather a color than a man. We doubt, for our own part, whether he will carry the Chamber with him here. The movement for proportional representation is very powerful in France. It rallies the "Temps" in one camp and "l'Humanité" in the other. The minorities and the groups may be trusted to combine to perpetuate their own existence. It is human to prefer significance to extinction, and the movement of an unstable equilibrium to the continuity after which M. Briand aspires.

The result of the elections is hardly in doubt. The Radical-Socialists will return once more the governing party. The Moderates have evolved no policy and discovered no man. M. Deschanel, their single hope, is moving towards a species of more cultivated Rooseveltism—authority and a strong foreign policy tinged with a faint glow of Socialist red. The omens point also to a slight increase of the forces which M. Jaurès leads. The real battle will be, not in the country, but in the Chamber which it elects. M. Briand, moving darkly towards a practical social policy, will encounter the conscious inertia, the wilful sterility, which have paralysed the work of previous Parliaments. Against him will be the alert and unscrupulous opposition, disguised as support, which the "Matin" typifies. "We are all Socialists now"—Radical-Socialists at least—but when it comes to a law of Sabbath rest, or to a graduated income-tax, we are bourgeois still. That is the spirit which contrives to delay Bills through the life of two Chambers, and allows an elected Senate to serve as a tolerated drag on the work of the Lower House. This middle-class party is united and energetic in any war upon the Church, but it is hard to set in motion when any question of social amelioration is at issue. It may in the end decide that the theatrical combats, the noise and anger and excitement which M. Clemenceau provided, are more to its liking than the peace with work which is M. Briand's ideal. M. Clemenceau, from the "Matin's" standpoint, was good copy. The besetting sin of M. Briand is that he means business.

Life and Letters.

METAPHOR IN POLITICS.

It is a familiar truth that almost all language is metaphor, the extension and elaboration of a few simple sounds expressing primary sensations and emotions, in order to enable us to realise and convey the growing complexity of human thought and feeling. It was inevitable that this should be so, and that we should cope with each new set of events and situations by applying to them the aptest signs or tools which had served us in the past. Before the absolutely novel we stand helpless: frequent exposure to such novelty would destroy us intellectually, and perhaps physically. Equally fatal to the mind is mere monotony or movement in a closed cage. In a word, we require the element of continuity in progress, to link on the new to the old by recognition of a similarity which is not identity. Metaphor belongs to this process of recognition. It is also the great instrument of exploration. For metaphor is the mother of hypothesis. Suppose the stars to steer a course across the heavens guided by some such spirit as moves man to planned activity, we have a beginning of astronomy. Could any real progress have been made in human physiology without metaphors from physics and mechanics, the working of the lever or the flow of rivers? Perhaps the first statesman was he who learned to think of the constitution of a city as a growing tree. But while metaphor is thus a necessary method of progress, it has grave defects. Its abuse by false or merely superficial analogies is, indeed, widely acknowledged. But the heaviest price we pay consists in the toll of irrational conservatism it levies on us in the realm of conduct. Can anyone count the cost of the fatalist conceptions associated with the phrases which represent the order of events as a "current" or a "chain," or the human character as an "edifice"? It was, no doubt, natural that mechanics and other inorganic sciences, achieving clear terminology at an earlier date than biology, should have stamped their language on it. Each new science, as it makes its way, must draw its formative conceptions from the earlier and stronger sciences.

The social sciences, coming latest, have the greatest abundance of metaphors upon which to draw, and, therefore, undergo the heaviest risks of that mental servitude which the process involves. Take, for example, the constitutional crisis in which we are engaged. Will it make no difference whether our mind is attuned to regard a constitution as a "building," a "machine," a "tree," or a human "organism"? No one can speak or write three sentences upon the matter without recourse to one or other of these conceptions. The choice of metaphors will express our mood or temperament. To Burke, in his conservative days, the British constitution was a noble temple, to touch a single stone of which might bring the whole fabric to the ground, or a delicate machine which his enemies sought to throw into "the melting-pot." Yet, in his reforming days, he had seen the same constitution as a stately tree, giving forth fresh branches, and with rich powers of growth and adaptation. Different metaphors are also selected for special purposes. The course of national industry or politics is often pictured as a sea with ebb and flow of tide and wave movements; a party organisation is a machine; international relations are balances of powers. So physics, geology, and chemistry furnish many phrases of stratification, eruption, combustion, gravitation, and other various modes of molar or molecular change transferred from inanimate life to society. The distance of the transfer, the evidently poetic element, affords, perhaps, some, though not adequate, protection against abuse in the case of inorganic metaphors.

There is, however, a special danger in what is often called the organic metaphor, which treats society as a "body politic." Precisely because an organism is

the nearest structure to a society, a confusion or identification of the two is fraught with intellectual and practical dangers. In one of the most valuable chapters of a volume of important social studies: "The Working Factor of the Social Reformer" (Macmillan and Co.), Professor Henry Jones dwells upon certain fundamental difficulties involved by the transfer of the evolutionary formulae from biology to psychology and sociology. What are the true relations between man and his environment, and between the individuals who are members of a society? To man as a mere animal the convenient, though never absolutely valid, opposition of organism and environment is doubtless applicable. But when we enter the moral realm of conduct, concerning ourselves with "social problems," the battle waged between "character" and "environment" is false and mischievous. Personal proclivities, education, or class feeling divide reformers into two camps. The one urges a transformation of outer conditions of life, so as to secure for all equality of opportunities, and a removal of the causes of strife between nations, classes, and individuals. Take care of the environment, and the character will take care of itself. The others maintain that all these external reforms will come to naught, will breed further demoralisation and waste, unless they are the product of preceding changes of individual character. "The change must come from within, for the determining element is there. Their environment will take care of itself, if you teach them industry, sobriety, thrift, and make them lovers of what is fair." To which the environmentalist retorts that you cannot teach these virtues successfully to dwellers in the morass of destitution, and that they are incapable of practising them effectively. And so the argument is bandied to and fro, with no chance of settlement, for, as Professor Jones points out, it is vitiated at the start by the false assumption of a sharp severance between character and environment, brought up into social ethics from the lower region of biology. "We are thinking in metaphors and passing counters for true coin. It is assumed that character and environment are separate things, acting and reacting upon each other like impinging natural objects." The supreme achievement of modern psychology has been to destroy what we may term the hard-shell view of a fixed inborn personality, and to substitute a plastic growth whose composition and nourishment are derived almost wholly from the so-called environment. "Take away—from 'the individual' all that he has borrowed from his world—there will remain something that can think no specific thought, form no purpose, seek no good, speak no language. We can give no name to such empty impotent residue." "The relation between man and his world is not that of mutual exclusion, nor even of mutual interaction. It is that of *mutual inclusion*. A cross section of any individual character, at any stage of its development, would show that its tissue is his social world: a cross section of any social world would show that its cells and fibres are the rational activities of its component individuals."

The general opposition between man and an environment of hindrances is hardly less injurious than the narrower opposition between the individual and society which belongs to the same fallacious psychology. Here the organic metaphor, however, does good service as a corrective, both of that excessive individualism, to which not merely the economic man but the protestant moralist has been prone, and of the loose promiscuous socialism which tends to merge individuality in mere community. The part played by the State in the adjustment of the life of individual and social ends must itself be an ever-changing one, and it is of supreme importance that we should habituate ourselves to a truly liberal conception of this process. How far we can succeed in doing so will largely depend upon the sort of metaphors we use. But the aptest metaphors will necessarily lead us into intellectual and practical confusion, unless we can retain a lively recognition of their inadequacy, and take care that we use them and not they us.

THE LAST FENCE.

A WEEK ago he was riding May Dolly, a Cheshire six-year-old, and one of his own breeding; for just as some people think that everyone should go to his own parish church, it was a principle with Mr. James Tomkinson that a man should ride a horse from his own county. Straight, lithe, and ruddy, he trotted to the starting-post, and the crowd cheered him as he went, for they liked to see a bit of pluck. He modestly enjoyed their applause: "I think I never saw anybody so pleased," said Mr. Justice Grantham, who was judge in the race. It was known that the old man had passed the limit of seventy, but only five years ago he won a steeplechase on his own, and if ever a rider fulfilled Montaigne's ideal of a life spent in the saddle, it was he. So he rode to the starting-post, happy in himself and modestly confident—the very model of what a well-to-do English countryman should wish to be—a Rugby and Balliol man, above suspicion for honesty, a busy man of affairs, a consummate horseman, a bad speaker, and a true-hearted Liberal, holding an equally unblemished record for courage in convictions and at fences.

The race was three and a-half miles—twice round the circuit. The first circuit was run, the last fence of it safely cleared. The second circuit was nearly complete: only that last fence remained. It was three hundred yards away, and he rode fast for it along the bottom. Someone was abreast of him, someone was close behind. May Dolly rushed forward, and the fence drew nearer and nearer. He was leading; once over that fence and victory was his—the latest victory, always worth all the rest. He felt the moving saddle between his thighs; he heard the quick beating of the hoofs. Something happened; there was a swerve, a sideways jump, a vain effort at recovery, a crashing fall too quick for thought; and before the joy of victory had died, the darkness came.

Who would not choose to plunge out of life like that? A sudden end at the moment of victory has always been the commonplace of human desire. When the antique sage was asked to select the happiest man in history, his choice fell on one whose destiny resembled that of the member for Crewe; for Tellus the Athenian had lived a full and well-contented life, had seen fine and gentlemanly sons and many grandchildren growing up around him, had shared the honor and prosperity of his country, and died fighting at Eleusis when victory was assured. Next in happiness to Tellus came the two Argive boys, who, for want of oxen, themselves drew their mother in a cart up the hill to worship, and, as though in answer to her prayer for blessings on them, died in the temple that night. It has always been so. The leap of Rome's greatest treasure into the gulf of earthquake was accounted an enviable opportunity. When they asked Cæsar what death he would choose, he answered, "A sudden one," and he had his wish. "Oh, happy he whom thou in battles findest," cried Faust to death in the midst of all his learning; and "Let me like a soldier fall" is the natural marching song of our Territorials.

The advantages of these hot-blooded ends are so obvious that they need hardly be recalled, and, indeed, they have provided a theme for many of our most inspiring writers. To go when life is strongest and passion is at its height; to avoid the terrors of expectation and escape the lingering paraphernalia of sick chambers and deathbed scenes; to escape the stuffy and inactive hours, marked by nothing but medicines and unwelcome meals; to escape the doctor's feigned encouragements, the sympathy of relations anxious to resume their ordinary pursuits, the buzzing of the parson in the ear, the fading of the casement into that "glimmering square"—should we not all go a long way round to seek so merciful a deliverance? "I will not die in my bed like a cow!" cried the Northumbrian King, and was set on his feet in full armor to confront the Arch Fear face to face. There was some poor comfort in a pose like that; it was better than our helpless collapse into a middle-aged cradle, with pap-boat for feeding bottle, and a last sleep in the nurse's arms,

younger and less muscular than our own. But how much finer to die like Romeo with a kiss, quick as the true apothecary's drugs; to sink like Shelley in the blue water, with mind still full of the Greek poet whom he tucked against his heart; to pass hot with fever, like Byron, from the height of fame, while thunder presaged to the mountaineers the loss of their great champion in freedom's war!

There is no question of it; these are axioms that all mankind is agreed upon. Every mortal soul would choose a quick and impassioned death; all admire a certain recklessness, an indifference to personal safety or existence, especially in the old, to whom recklessness is most natural, since they have less of life to risk. That was why the crowd cheered Mr. James Tomkinson as he trotted to the starting-post, and that was why everybody envied his rapid and victorious end. In his "Tales from a Field Hospital," Sir Frederick Treves told of a soldier who was brought down from Spion Kop as a mere fragment, his limbs shattered, his face blown away, incapable of speech or sight. When asked if he had any message to send home before he died, he wrote upon the paper, "Did we win?" In those words lives the very spirit of that enviable death which all men think they long for—the death which takes no thought of self, and swallows up fear in victory. Such a man Stevenson would have delighted to include in his brave roll-call, and of him those final, well-known words in "Æs Triplex" might have been written:—

"In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

Yes, it is all very beautiful, and all very true. Stevenson himself, like Cæsar, received the death he wished for, and, whether in reason or in passion, every soul among us would agree that death in the midst of life is the most desirable end. And yet—and yet—we hardly know how it is, but, as a matter of fact, we do not seek it, and when the thing comes our way, we prefer, if possible, to walk in the opposite direction. The Territorial may sing himself hoarse with his prayer to fall like a soldier, but when the bullets begin to wail around him, it is a thousand to one that he will duck his head. A man may be reasonably convinced that, since he must die some day, and his reprieve cannot be extended long, it is best to die in battle and shoot full-blooded into the spiritual land; nevertheless, if the shadow of a rock gives some shelter from the guns, he will crawl behind it. A few years ago there was a great Oxford philosopher who, after lecturing all morning on the beauty of being absorbed by death into the absolute and eternal, was granted the opportunity of being wrecked on a lake in the afternoon, but displayed no satisfaction at the immediate prospect of such absorption.

In the same way, despite our natural and reasonable desires for a death like Mr. Tomkinson's, we still continue to speak, not only of sleeping in our beds, but of dying in them, as one of the chief objects of a virtuous and happy existence. The longest and most devotional part of the Anglican Common Prayer contains a special petition entreating that we may be delivered from the sudden death which we have all agreed is so excellent a piece of fortune. That we are not set free from too much love of living is shown by what Matthew Arnold called a bloodthirsty clinging to life at a moment of crisis. The present writer does not forget the green terror on the faces of all the men in a railway carriage when he accidentally set fire to the train, nor would any of us find it really appetising to suspect even the quickest poison in the soup. Instead of leaping gallantly into death while the trumpets are still blowing, nearly every civilised man deliberately plots out his existence so as to die, like Tolstoy's Ivan Ilyitch, amid the pitiful squalor of domestic indifference or solicitude. We think health universally interesting, we meditate on diet, we measure our exercise, and shun all risks more carefully than sins. Praising with our lips the glories of the soldier's death, we tread

with minute observance the bath-chair pathway to the sick-rooms of old age.

Are our praises of death in victory, then, all cant, and are all the eloquent rhapsodies of poets and essayists a sham? Montaigne seems to have thought so, for, writing of those who talk fine of dying bravely, he says:—

"It happeneth that most men set a stern countenance on the matter, look big, and speak stoutly, thereby to acquire reputation, which, if they chance to live, they hope to enjoy."

The case of our eloquent rhapsodists is evidently more favorable still, since they have every chance of living for a time, and so of enjoying a reputation for bravery without much risk. But rather than accuse mankind of purposely dissembling terror in the hope of braggart fame, we would lay the charge upon a queer divergence between the mind and the bodily will. No matter what the mind may say in commendation of swift and glorious death, the bodily will continues to maintain its life to the utmost, and is the last and savagest enemy that the mind can overcome. So it is that no one should reckon beforehand upon courageous behavior when the supreme summons for courage comes, and only those are faultlessly brave who have never known peril. In reason everyone is convinced that all mankind is mortal, and we hear with vague sympathy of the hosts of dead whose skulls went to pile the pyramids of Tamerlane, or of the thousands that the sea engulfs and earthquakes shatter. But few realise that the life of each among those thousands was as dear to him as our life is, and, though we congratulate heroes upon the opportunity of their death, the moment when that opportunity would be most happy for ourselves never seems exactly to arrive. Hardly anyone really thinks he will die, or is persuaded that the limit to his nature has now come. But it is in realising the incalculable craving of this bodily will to survive that men who have themselves known danger will pay the greater reverence to those who, conscious of mortal fears, and throbbing with the fulness of existence, none the less in the calm ecstasy of their devotion commit themselves to the battle, the firing squad, or the prison death as to a chariot of fire.

THE POWER OF THE NAME.

HERODOTUS, in a well-known passage, tells us that the women of Miletus would never call their husbands by their names. His explanation is that long ago, when Miletus was settled by the Greeks, they killed all the Carian men and took their wives, and the women, because of this deed of blood, agreed, and laid it on their daughters, that none of them should ever pronounce the name of her Greek husband. But the story is not only Milesian; it comes to us from all parts of the world. In one part of South Africa a woman is forbidden to use any word which may, even by its sound, recall the name of any of her nearest male relatives, and as a result the women's language differs considerably from that of the men; and this occurs not only in South Africa, but in many parts of the world. The legends of our own race have traces of the hidden name, as the story of Lohengrin reminds us, and the fairy tale, with its potent rhyme:—

"Ninny, ninny, not,
Your name's Tom Tit Tot."

What is this magic link between thing and name? Why had the priests of ancient Rome a secret name for their city, as Macrobius tells us? Why is it that the passion for definition haunts us, and we are uneasy till we have the thing named and labelled? Clearness of thinking is a necessity for man, and, civilised or savage, he is uncomfortable about the unknown and the vague. But for man in earlier stages there was another need to have the name of the thing, for thing and name were one in essence. The name was not a mere convention; it *was* the thing in some deep, mysterious bond of nature. And if a man knew the name, he thereby was master, in some measure, of the thing. If he knew the name of the hostile city, he could curse it; he could use

magic, and bring upon it the powers of the gods of his race, whom, too, he controlled, in some degree, by knowing their names. So the usage grew of hiding the true name; the "name" of the city "was called" (as Lewis Carroll's White Knight puts it) Rome, but the name was something else.

If one could know the names of the demon or fairy powers round about one, or their affinities or servitudes, one was their master. The old lamp of Aladdin is a poor thing in itself, but bound to it is a jinn of miraculous strength. The Neo-Platonist in the Græco-Roman world argued that the cosmos is a unity, all things linked to all, but some things more subtly connected; and, as a modern chemist would use some re-agent to act on a certain element or compound, so he would take a certain stone in his hand and use a certain name, and he was, so far, master of a spiritual being of strange power, yet amenable to his control. He would even speak of "compelling" the gods. "And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name?"

With such beliefs, no wonder men are convinced of the truth of witchcraft, enchantments, and possessions. A certain hidden knowledge obtained, a man could let loose armies of evil spirits on any whom he hated, and the power to do so readily evoked the will. Add to this some skill in legerdemain, some practice in suggestion, and, of course, some secretly acquired knowledge of poisons, and the wizard's armory is complete. The Obea man in the West Indies is master of his neighbors—drug, eye, and secret terror make victims of them. And when we turn to the ancient world we find the same thing. Evil daemons are a part of the spiritual world that Plutarch describes, and he does not tell us how to get rid of them. They were the authors of human sacrifice, of obscene ritual and horrible legend. They were the sources of human sin. A daemon would fasten upon a man, and he would become devil-possessed. It might be, indeed, that every impulse to wrong that a man knows was the impress of some daemon on his mind, or that the passions and feelings—nay, the faculties and arts—within him were themselves spiritual entities.

Apuleius, the author of "The Golden Ass," in which is embodied, in its first and most wonderful form, the tale of Cupid and Psyche, has a little tract "on the god of Socrates." In the most splendid rhetoric, and with the clearest lucidity, he explains the triple division of the universe—gods above, men below, and daemons between, partakers of divine and of mortal nature, denizens of the air. "The prince of the power of the air," familiar to us in the New Testament—"the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience"—takes on a new meaning as we read this bright romancer's exposition, gay with every gleam his mastery of Latin could give it, but sober enough in its thought and belief. "We wrestle," said the Christian writer, "not against flesh and blood, but against principedoms, against powers, against the world-lords of this darkness, against spiritual beings of evil in the sky above us. So," he continues, "take to yourselves the panoply of God."

We need not follow the writer through the well-known words, but we may turn at once to another early Christian phrase. Does not "the name that is above every name" suggest new meanings to us, when we grasp the conception of this air we breathe being full of principedoms and powers, of armies of evil marshalled under them, ready enough to do us hurt of themselves, and perhaps controlled by name by someone who hates us on his own account? No one can understand the relief of mind that the primitive Christian felt, till he has steeped himself in this daemon-lore. It is not unexpressed in the Christian writings that survive—far from it, it is emphasised; but our minds refuse to take the terrors of the daemon-world seriously. What we know to be fancies could never, we feel, have been real fears. But let us take them at their word.

"This," said Tatian, "ends our slavery in the world and rescues us from rulers manifold and tyrants ten

thousand." "My Singer (unlike Orpheus)," said Clement of Alexandria, "has come to end the tyranny of daemons." "Even the very name of Jesus is terrible to the daemons," wrote Justin. Jesus was lifted up on his cross, and thus hung in the air, and died in the air, according to Athanasius, that he might purify the air—and we know of what it needed to be purified.

It has been held that belief in the actuality of daemons could continue, and does continue, to exist along with the Christian faith. This, of course, is true, but it will probably be found that belief in daemons—in the sense of recognising them in the practical politics of daily life and prayer and conduct—varies inversely with the intensity of a man's conviction of that love of God for him as an individual, which is the real Gospel of Jesus. Superstition, too, dies very hard, and a man will now and then remember that he "believes" things which have no part or place in his working scheme. Now you mention the matter, of course, he is with you, but day by day he thinks of something else, and the springs of his life are elsewhere. In this way the belief in daemons has been slowly atrophied by belief in the love of God, till it has died altogether away.

There is a fine old Irish poem known as the "Lorica" (or Breastplate) of Patrick. Whether St. Patrick made it we cannot say. There are others of the kind familiar to scholars, but this, perhaps, because of its ascription to a saint so great and so lovable, is the most famous. A few lines will show how it goes, though it is painful to mutilate it.

"I bind to myself to-day a strong virtue, an invocation of the Trinity
I bind to myself to-day the virtue of Christ's birth with his baptism,
The virtue of his crucifixion with his burial,
The virtue of his resurrection with his ascension,
The virtue of his coming to the Day of Judgment . . .
I have set around me all these powers,
Against every hostile savage power
Directed against my body and my soul,
Against incantations of false prophets,
Against black laws of heathenry . . .
Against spells of women and smiths and wizards,
Against all knowledge which blinds the soul of man . . .
Christ with me, Christ before me,
Christ behind me, Christ within me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me . . .
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me."

Thus along every avenue by which ill can reach him the poet (and in his turn the reader) sets the power of Christ. He stops the mouth of the wizard, turns aside the evil eye, stays the thought of enchantment—all with the name of Christ, the name above every name. The savage convert in many parts of the world to-day does the same, but that is not all. There was an old woman in the Highlands who said to a friend of the writer: "There used to be fairies here, but the Gospel came and drove them away." Poor fairies! how we, whom Hans Andersen has brought up, love them, and how we wish them back! But no one who knows what they actually were would echo the wish. The deliverance has been real—it has done away with the power of darkness and given a new freedom to the mind of man.

THE SEEING EYE.

THREE hundred yards away on the white road a bird shows as a mere pinprick. It has but to hop once, however, to be known infallibly as a chaffinch. The eye soon learns a feat so easy as that, but in a lifetime its owner could not say what it is that makes the hop of a chaffinch so different from all the other passerine birds. Nor can the sportsman say how it is that he knows a pochard from a mallard when it is but a dot of flying pepper in the sky. It is fair to assume that every creature has not only the anatomical and feathered differences upon which the man of science relies, but some separate manner of carriage, trick of deportment, or other result of unique ancestry by which it can be known. It is a great thing to be able to distinguish

between finely marked species from dried skins in a drawer or from a bit of bone or the stone mould of a bone that was alive a million years ago; but surely we get a little nearer the essence of things when we know a bird by its manner of wiping its beak on a branch or a bee by the way it probes a flower.

The triumph of the field eye is perhaps at its height in the man who knows his insects. There are pairs of species so minutely different in color and proportion that even the most highly trained of cabinet entomologists can hardly name them. But in some cases their difference, not of habit in the usual sense, but of manner is so marked that the open-air man can tell them apart by their flight or by the way they walk on a flower. The late Mr. Saunders had never seen alive a little black bee called *Dufourea vulgaris* till, on the first of August, 1881, he took a bee at Chobham, of which he says: "The flight and behavior were so peculiar, as it wriggled itself into a flower, that I knew at once I had caught a rarity, and remarked to my companions that I believed I had got a *Dufourea*. I also hazarded the remark that it was ten years since it had been taken. When I got home and looked up the former record, it was ten years to a day." Rare as this bee is, there are probably a thousand people who have seen it romp into a dandelion blossom in that unique way, without being aware even that they had seen a bee. There are millions who cannot distinguish between a wasp and a hornet. There appeared one morning to two ladies in the writer's house a mealworm wriggling on the carpet. One described it as a goat moth caterpillar, of which one had once troubled her by crawling on her leg. The other said it was a "lucky farmer," or larva of the fox moth, with which she had been quite familiar in the preceding summer.

Yet the eye sees faithfully the vast differences between the mealworm and the goat moth caterpillar, and the smaller ones between the chaff-chaff and the willow wren. To take in and perceive what the lens throws on the retina is not, as the saying is, to train the eye, but to train the understanding. The pith of the book of nature is between the lines and in the footnotes of descending tininess of type, while we are usually content to read only the large print. It is nothing that a red butterfly should settle on a green leaf, but it is immensely interesting when the eye brings up from the brown of a tree trunk the brown wings, with bark marks on them, of a moth with crimson underwings. It is nothing to see the black rooks swinging on their conspicuous nests in the tree-tops. It is something to find that one of the mottled sticks among many others on the floor of a wood is a night-jar brooding a pair of still more invisible eggs.

We cannot use our eyes out of doors without learning to appreciate the sight and the understanding of those more nearly concerned than ourselves with unravelling the mysteries of mimicry and protective coloration. Much the same picture is presented to the lens of the bird as to ours. The greater attention of the bird to what it sees is evidenced by the depth to which mimicry has had to go in order to defeat it. The stick insect is discovered and plucked wriggling from its bush, if its resemblance to one of the twigs falls short by some thorn or scale. The counterfeit wasp is unmasked unless its verisimilitude is fairly exact. The chrysalis that does not exactly resemble the seed pod of *Cardamine pratensis* pays the penalty of failure. We need not claim that the bird reasons about these things. As has been shown, we do not reason about our knowledge of them. The difference between the flight of a bee and a fly can be stated, but it is not stated every time we decide, "This is a fly and that is a bee." The decision is instinctive—in us and in the bird or other observer. There is a large black fly with a red tail that resembles quite closely the red-tailed humble bee. But beneath its livery it is fly through and through. Any man that needs, any bird that needs, can catch it without the least fear of its sting, and without having first to recite the difference between the diptera and the hymenoptera.

Motion is a great revealer. If a brown leaf stirs in the hedge, we know it for a mouse. If a bit of red

in a brown tangle of brown grass and dead leaves blinks, we know it for the eye of a partridge sitting on her eggs there. The flicker of a fin reveals the brownest of trout on the brownest of stones. If we cannot get motion in the object, motion in ourselves will give us the secret. The grey stone in a field of grey stones that looks like a rabbit from the N.E. may be a stone, but if it also looks like a rabbit from the N.N.E. and from the E. by N.E., it almost certainly is a rabbit. The bird's-eye view is not taken from the perch, but from the wing. Everything below then moves. Patches of color come away from their ground and reveal themselves as round objects, side views change to full views and head views to tail views. A stone with one ear may be a coincidence, but a stone with two ears and a tail must be eatable, and we stoop at it with confidence. No one would suggest that a hawk reasons the matter out like this, yet it is the material of this chain of reason that makes him decide that the thing is an animal.

The eye is so perfect a servant that it is sheer supererogation to bring in an extra faculty, or to speak of "instinct" as though it were a thing apart from the ordinary senses. We are astonished at the sense of direction in the homing pigeon or the bee. Every one who has watched the sand wasp marvels at the way in which it finds its way home. It opens a hole in a waste of sand that seems to present no more differences of surface than a waste of air. It closes the hole, then goes off half a mile or more to hunt for caterpillars, with one of which it returns to the spot, where it uncovers the hole and puts the booty within. It may be that a man with a compass and a very carefully-marked map, in which every blade of grass and one or two special species of other plants were used as guides, could find his way from the hunting ground to the hidden hole. But a wasp, not having map or compass, and not knowing the names of plants and how to measure distances, is usually credited by thinking beings with some intuitive sense of which we know nothing. Bates, who noticed the sand wasps of the Amazons, says: "To my eye there was absolutely no landmark on the even surface of sand which could serve as guide, and the borders of the forest (the insect's hunting ground) were not nearer than half a mile." Yet he believes with us that the insect did, by its rapid flight to and fro before leaving, scratch upon its retina some map of the place that enabled it to find it again after an exciting chase among the leaves of the forest. He goes on to tell us of an Indian boy whom they took on a hunting excursion. When the white men had completely lost their sense of direction in the maze of the forest, the boy, "who had been playing with his bow and arrow all the way, apparently taking no note of the route, pointed out, in a moment, the right direction of our canoe."

Sometimes the eye seems to have a memory of its own. As we walk along, it suddenly dawns on us that there was something seen a few paces back. Sometimes we hope that by concentration on a bygone image we can add features not noted at the time. It is a doubtful effort. The addition is likely to be purely imaginary, and the final image a hopeless mixture of fact and fancy. Herein imagination spoils sight. There is nothing for it but to go back and have another look, a look in which the observer shall be attentive to all that the eye delivers, attentive also to Captain Cuttle's celebrated maxim, "When found make a note of."

Short Studies.

HAWTHORNDEN.

HAWTHORNDEN was always home to tea, except once, and it was a significant exception.

When he was about thirty-five Hawthornden moved out into the country, partly because rents were less and he could have a governess for his three children, and so put off for some years the difficulty of choosing

a school; and partly, but this was unconsciously, because he had few friends left. As a young man, clever above the common, reckless (within certain limits) and open-handed, he had attracted men of very different types, both at the university and in his bachelor lodgings. But after he married, at twenty-eight, his friends never came to see him, except when they were definitely asked to dinner, though his wife was charming and clever and anxious to meet them, and though he was not too fond of her to attend to them. He seemed to have stiffened and chilled. His smile began to have an awkward catch in it. It was so awkward that it ought to have been dignified, but was not quite. And at the same time as his friends were neglecting him he was not making any progress in domesticity. He had decided against entering a profession, and as he could live on his private means, he was at home very much. But there he gave himself up chiefly to solitary reading, and saw his wife chiefly at meals, and, on evenings when he wished to go early to bed, after dinner. He had thought of writing, but he was squeamish and touchy, and had destroyed his early verses and prose with great care, burning them in his room one summer evening, with a tense, red face, and then, by an after-thought, preserving the ashes in a small cherrywood box. He read many books of almost every kind, except criticism. Criticism he had taught himself to hate, because it seemed to him absurd that the writing class should not only produce books, but circulate its opinion of them among people occupied—like himself—with the business of living at first hand, not at second hand. In the days before criticism life and literature had both been finer things. It was the men with no standards of taste at all who made the arts of the great periods. When there was no one to tell men what to put on their walls, how to build their houses, what to wear and what to read, the glorious things were being created which men instructed at every turn in these matters were content to imitate. Hawthornden sought to recover this freedom by allowing no middleman between art and himself as a human being. As it was, however, physically impossible to keep pace with modern literature without a guide, he neglected it without noticing that this was a concession; and as the old literature had been well sifted by the efforts of the very criticism he despised, he had little left but to enjoy, and he discovered, with some annoyance, that he read and thought—so far as he could express himself—very much like everybody else. Nevertheless, he continued to read abundantly, and for the sake of books put off year by year the problems which his own life offered him. He got out of touch with his wife, ignored her friends, and only by an insincere though determined effort, from time to time, succeeded in quieting her hysteria and relieving her melancholy. As to his children, he made spasmodic and more and more conscious efforts at pleasing and understanding them, and, observing that they could do without him, he plumed himself upon their ingratitude, and left them to the natural methods of his wife, of which he expressed his disapproval from time to time. Yet he was fond of the poetry of passion. He would look up from a poem sometimes and see his wife reading or embroidering, and then take his eyes away with a sigh and only the faintest dissatisfied recognition that he was becoming more and more incapable of being passionate himself and of meeting the passion of another. He also continued to sigh for the simple antique attitudes of the emotions in their liberty, and cursed a time when they could only be seen travestied on the stage. It was literature, nevertheless, and the stage, that had given him the standard which he unconsciously applied to scenes in life which he thought should have been heroic, for example, and were not. Nor was he shaken from his dim-pinnacled citadel of unreality by his one experience of something near tragedy at home. His wife rushed at him one day, with stiff, drawn, red-spotted face and staring eyes, and a shrill voice he had never heard before, to tell him that one of the children was injured. He drew her head to his breast and kissed her hair, and felt at first a kind of

shame, then an instinctive disgust at the stains and rude prints of her grief. The same with beauty. He could not have defined it, but he had a standard which he applied to loveliness like a yard-wand, and never suspected that it was the standard that was wanting. It was expression that he feared in living beauty. He wanted the calm of antiquity—of death—of the photographs of celebrated women. A dark face, burning and wrrenched with eagerness or delight, disturbed him, and —was not beautiful, because he had been at the trouble of putting aside the expression, and observing that the nose was too small, the eyes unequal, the lips too full, and so on.

He was fond of reading fairy tales and books for and about children, and had acquired strong opinions as to what they needed and liked. He was a great lover of liberty, of liberalism, of freedom for thought and action. He could be heard late at night reading aloud in a deep voice poems on liberty, and even at breakfast would relieve himself by muttering impressively:

"And in thy smile and by thy side
Saintly Camillus lived and stern Atilius died."

The children looked up and said, "What did you say, father?" or "Do say some more like that"; but he stirred his tea, and made haste to leave the table for the study. He admired books of curious character and adventure, such as *Borrow's*, and adored the strange persons who frequented once upon a time, and perhaps even now, the inns and roads of England. He was indignant with civilisation which threatened to extinguish such men, and used to cut from newspapers passages describing the efforts to chain up gypsies and tramps.

When he moved into the country he was prepared for adventures. Gypsies should be allowed to camp near his house, and he would be familiar with them. He would invite the tramps into his study for a talk and a smoke. He used to sit by the roadside, or in the taproom of an inn, waiting for what would turn up. But something always stood in the way—himself. He grew tired of paying for a tramp's quart, and was disconcerted, now by too great familiarity and now by too great respect. When a tramp came to the back door, his maids or his wife reported it to him, and they sometimes had interesting fragments of a story to relate; for the women had human sympathies along with unquestioning commonplace views of social distinctions. Sometimes he saw the man coming or going, and formed romantic conjectures which made him impatient of what he actually heard. He thought at one time that perhaps his mistake was in keeping too near home; he would walk far over the hills, and stay away for a night or two. But it was always the same. He dressed negligently and carried a crooked stick, and when he complained of his failure to get at the heart of the way-faring man, his wife flattered him by saying that anyone could see what he really was, whatever his disguise; he liked the flattery, and remained discontented.

Perhaps his whole plan was wrong. He had bought many maps, special walking clothes and boots, compact outfits, several kinds of knapsacks, rucksacks, haversacks, satchels, uncounted walking sticks, just as in other departments of his life he found himself buying pipes suitable for this purpose or that, half a dozen different species of lamps, pens, razors, hats, and so on. He tried simplicity for a while, but this also meant a new outlay, and he was soon unfaithful.

Among the people of the neighborhood he received a reputation for unconventionality. He was said to know the country and the people better than anyone. He was mistaken for a genius, a poet, an artist, a Bohemian, an eccentric millionaire, especially as he had a genuine dislike to parties and picnics and to the sound of men and women trying to put emotion into the words, "Isn't the weather perfectly glorious?" by drawing them or emphasising one word or each word in turn. He liked the mistake.

But one thing, above all others, gradually disturbed him. He was always home to tea.

He liked a certain kind of tea—the milk or cream

of a precise quantity poured out first into his cup and then the tea on top of it, to scald it and produce a color and flavor otherwise impossible. Then the sweet home-made cakes. . . Once or twice he went into cottages for tea, to chat with the poor and see them *au naturel*. But he saw nothing, and was therefore keenly alive to the fact that the tea was bad, and the cakes all but uneatable—so that he had a second tea when he arrived home. Mrs. Hawthornden was glad of this; she liked him to enjoy himself, and to praise her cakes. She made cakes regularly, and saw that they were of the kinds he preferred. When he started early for a long walk, she used to ask him when he would be back. "Oh, I cannot possibly say!" he retorted at once; but added, on reconsideration, "But perhaps by four or five." He was rarely later than four, and she smiled. He made special efforts not to be back by five—dreading the habit—and yet at last walked so hard as to tire himself in the effort to reach home at that time. So at last, when his wife asked the question, "When shall I expect you back?" he used to say, sometimes smilingly, sometimes with a submissive despair, sometimes with irritation, "Oh, I am always home to tea!" When he was not punctual, he was proud—but regretted the cakes—and read *Borrow* with greater relish. But the next day he would find himself home again to tea, and eating too many cakes with equanimity. He knew they were too many, and the thought at length prevented him from enjoying them, but not quite from eating them; there was a relic of virtue in this inability to enjoy them, though he knew that it might have been greater. At times, in an ancient cathedral or in the midst of a tragic tale, he started with the thought that he was almost forgetting his tea, and then his pleasure was at an end. Lying awake at night, he reproached himself, "You are always home to tea." He was haunted by it, as men of noble families of old time were haunted by their fate, and in his moments of complacency it crept suddenly upon him.

One day he went out to a distant part of the county to explore a ruin. It was a fine August day, and he spent most of it in the castle. He left it late in the afternoon, and then began to run. There were several trains that he might have caught; nevertheless, he ran. That day he did not return to tea. His wife looked out a train, and expected him first by one and then by another. It grew dark, and he was not back. The afternoon had been hot, and he had run too fast for a man of his build. He was found lying beside the path. He had achieved his ambition. He had not only not come home to tea, but had ceased to think about tea, so far as can be known. He was dead.

EDWARD THOMAS.

The Drama.

REVIVALS AT THE REPERTORY THEATRE.

At a Repertory Theatre the revivals are scarcely less important than the new productions. In a certain sense, indeed, they are more important. New plays do, after all, get produced under the long-run system; the trouble is that, when the run is over, they are thrown aside, like squeezed oranges, and lie neglected and forgotten. This is equally the case whether their run has, as a matter of fact, been short or long. If it has been short, the play is supposed to be inherently valueless. If it has been long, all the value is supposed to have been wrung out of it. The few exceptions to this rule are almost all plays in which some star actor has found a particularly popular part—a Svengali, or a Monsieur Beaucaire, or a Scarlet Pimpernel. It is very seldom that a play is revived on what may be called its literary merits. "The Importance of Being Earnest," now running at the St. James's, is a conspicuous, but almost a unique, instance.

One of the objects of the proposed Shakespeare National Theatre, as set forth in the draft of its constitution, is "to prevent recent plays of great merit

from falling into the oblivion to which the present theatrical system is apt to consign them." In reviving "Trelawny of the Wells," Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre is anticipating, and very wisely and admirably anticipating, this essential function of the greater Repertory Theatre that is to be. "Trelawny" is, indeed, a typical "recent play of great merit," eminently worthy of revival, and yet, for lack of a "star" part, extremely unlikely to be revived under long-run conditions. To illustrate the uses of such an institution, no better choice could have been made.

But in another sense as well, the selection of "Trelawny" as the first revival was peculiarly appropriate. Though we have travelled far since the production of "Society" at the old Prince of Wales's—the event around which Sir Arthur Pinero has woven his historic fairy-tale—yet that production was undoubtedly the first step in the movement which has culminated, for the time being, in the Repertory Theatre. As in a Greek city the feast of the hero-founder was annually celebrated, so in any theatre dedicated to modern English drama "Trelawny of the Wells" ought to be periodically revived. For Tom Wrench, *alias* Tom Robertson, was the hero-founder of the English theatre of to-day, and, in a spirit of congenial fantasy, "Trelawny" commemorates his achievement. It is a Robertsonian tribute to Robertson, a wonderfully skilful resuscitation of a period "so near, and yet so far." It is a chapter of literary history, related in terms of fiction, and yet in all essentials true.

I am told that some actors resent the picture of manners among the "theatrical folk," and call it a libel on the profession. This is a very idle complaint. The author does not pretend that these are the manners of to-day. On the contrary, the point and pathos of his picture lie in the fact that it presents a period of decay and transition. James Telfer and "Miss Violet Sylvester," Colpoys, Gadd, and Avonia Bunn are a waning generation. Tom Wrench, good comrade though he be, is plotting their doom. If some of their foibles survive (as possibly they do), it is under other forms. Theatrical folk, like other folk, have become more self-conscious with the lapse of time, and somewhat more guarded in the expression of their idiosyncrasies. They do not "give themselves away" quite so lavishly. Moreover, "the profession" is now recruited from other classes, which bring to it other traditions and habits than those that prevailed at "the Wells." This feature of the case the author, as a faithful historian, has not failed to indicate. Does not Arthur Gower, the grandson of the Vice-Chancellor—a novice with no obvious qualification save his Cavenish-square manners—take the leading part in Tom Wrench's comedy? And does not Rose Trelawny, when the instinct of modern realism is awakened in her, find it impossible to return to the old theatricalism of "The Pedlar of Marseilles," and actually want to cut out the song, "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming," which she used to sing while waiting for Raphael on the bridge? There are touches of caricature, no doubt, in the presentment. The genius of Dickens was still dominant in the early 'sixties, and the realism of Robertson is not the realism of Galsworthy. But surely Sir Arthur Pinero is not to be blamed for treating the Robertsonian period in the Robertsonian key. The play is a thing of humor and sentiment all compact, inspired by a regretful and affectionate relish for the dear old ridiculous early-Victorian stageland. If any actor takes serious exception to it, he bears unconscious witness to its truth by showing that the race of Ferdinand Gadd, at any rate, is not yet extinct.

In order to taste the full charm of "Trelawny of the Wells," one must have attained to—what shall I say?—well, a respectable maturity, enabling one to remember the types and conditions which it portrays. My own theatre-going days had not begun in the early 'sixties—nor, for that matter, had Sir Arthur Pinero's—but these theatrical folk lived on into the 'seventies, especially in the provinces. Note that it is a suburban

stock company with which we have to deal—people to whom the West End theatres, the Olympic, the Adelphi, the Haymarket, seemed pinnacles of unattainable splendor. They stood on a lower professional level than the stock companies of the chief provincial centres, and were probably recruited from the strolling players of the minor "circuits." Rose Trelawny's mother—rest her soul!—had no doubt gone from door to door, as Mrs. Siddons did in her day, selling tickets for her benefit. If, as one hopes, her husband was a member of the company, and her domestic character known to be irreproachable, her "interesting condition" would appeal to matronly sympathy, and help her to a "bumper house," putting, perhaps, as much as ten pounds in her pocket. Rose herself probably did not remember the time when she had not figured as the child in "Pizarro" or Zelinda's infant in "The Slave," whom the black but magnanimous Gambia tosses across a foaming torrent. The "roman comique" of the English player, in the days of the country circuits and the "minor theatres" of London, was full of a half-sordid, half-heroic tragicomedy, which appeals strongly to the imagination of anyone who has ever looked into it. We obtain glimpses of it in fiction, in the Crummles family, in Mr. Wopsle, in the Theatre Royal, Chatteris, with the Fotheringay on the stage, Mr. Bowes in the orchestra, and Captain Costigan at the bar. But it lives no less vividly in obscure theatrical memoirs, in playbills and advertisements, in the ill-printed texts of the amazing plays in which these artist-gipsies fretted their little hour upon the scene. From this gipsydom several of our finest actors, our most famous theatrical families, have emerged. It is now a thing of the past; or at least it has altered its forms so as to be unrecognisable. Centralisation, the long run, and the touring company have changed the face of the theatrical world. Colpoys is now to be found in the halls, and in "panto" at Christmas-time. Gadd takes out his own company, in "The Sign of the Cross" or "Henry of Navarre," to "C" towns and pier pavilions. It was not, of course, T. W. Robertson that wrought the change, but economic forces, the growth of population, increased facilities of transport, and so forth. What Robertson did was to adapt to the uses of his minute realism of externals the conditions which begot the long run and the touring company. "Trelawny of the Wells" seizes the moment of transition, and evokes for us the old world of ill-joined wigs and cotton tights, with its characteristic odors of stale gas, sawdust, and orange-peel. And now the whirligig of time brings in its revenges, and the Repertory Theatre revives the "comediotta" in which we assist at the birth of the long run.

"Don't you love the play?" Thackeray once asked a friend. "Yes, I like a good one," was the reply. "Oh, go away," said Thackeray; "you don't understand what I mean." To those of us who "love the play" in this sense—who loved the old order of things for its humanity, even where its art fell short—"Trelawny of the Wells" makes a peculiar appeal. I confess that the very overture, with its abominable jingles, its "Slap Bang" and "Champagne Charlie," throws me into a delightful mood of reminiscent sentimentality. But even for younger playgoers, and those who are not interested in its historic aspect, the play has abundant attractions. It is better acted at the Duke of York's than it was at the Court. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault are as good as ever in the parts of Rose Trelawny and Sir William Gower, while the group of "theatrical folk"—Mr. Valentine as Telfer, Mr. Gwenn as Colpoys, Mr. Gerald Lawrence as Gadd, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Avonia Bunn—are much more like "the real thing" than their predecessors. Miss Trevelyan especially is quite delightful as the tender-hearted, irresponsible "singing chambermaid." Mr. Eadie, too, is excellent as Tom Wrench, and Mr. Charles Maude makes a very pleasant Arthur Gower.

Mr. Maude is also a new and excellent Pierrot in the revival of "Prunella," which was received with

acclamation on Wednesday night. Messrs. Housman and Barker's play delights and disappoints me in about equal measure. On the surface it is all delightful, a quaint and exquisite arabesque, full of poetry and caprice, and most happily illustrated by Mr. Moorat's very original music. But one feels all the time that there ought to be some deep underlying significance in it; and when one looks below the surface, behold! there is no significance at all, or none worth mentioning. At least, that is how I feel; but the rapturous applause of the audience seemed to indicate either that they found the significance which was lost on me, or that they did not miss it. The revival is extremely pretty and spirited, and, with Mr. Barrie's "Twelve-Pound Look," makes a most attractive programme.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Present-Day Problems.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY REFORM PROPOSALS.

II.

At the end of the first article we found that the Council had reformed the Senate by making it include, in imagination, all who take a degree. Its numbers might thus be increased from 7,000 to 17,000. The next task was to reform the Electoral Roll, and to adjust the relations between it and the Senate—that is, the relations between the whole body of M.A.'s, resident and non-resident, and the resident portion of them. As has been stated, the bulk of the Electoral Roll consists of those M.A.'s who reside within three miles of the University Church. Many of these are not engaged either in College or University work, and are, therefore, without the most important qualification for being on the chief governing body. The Council proposes to exclude such persons for the future, but saves the rights of those who have been on the roll for ten years. It has further drawn up a detailed list of all such as are to be deemed qualified by reason of official position or service on the spot. The body thus constituted is to be called the House of Residents. The suggested change is founded on a sound principle, and is certain to find a place in any well-considered scheme of University Reform.

So far, so good; but now comes the difficulty. What duties are to be assigned to the Senate, hereafter the 17,000, and what duties to the House of Residents, hereafter the 500? The Council has made an attempt to discriminate, but it is impossible to say on what principle (if any) it has gone. The question of Titular Degrees for Women is to be decided by the larger body, and the question of compulsory Greek in the Little-Go by the smaller. But why should such questions as "Authority for affixing the Seal" and "Admission to Degrees in absence" be thought of such importance that it should take the united intellects of 17,000 persons to decide upon them? The fact is the Council is here in quest of the impossible. No satisfactory dividing-line can be found between things to be decided by the Senate and things to be decided by the House of Residents. The reason is obvious. The Senate, as has already been urged, is fit to decide nothing. Its members are scattered all over the world. Only a small proportion of them can ever attend in person at Cambridge and vote, and when they vote, they do so without experience of the condition of things on the spot. The House of Residents, on the other hand, is, or can be made, fit to decide everything. When a particular matter is found reserved for the Senate by the Council, the thought which rises in the mind in every case is, "How much better the House of Residents could deal with it!" Between a body which is fit to rule and a body which is not, there can be no satisfactory adjustment of relations.

There is one point, however, where the Council's recommendations may need to be supplemented. The only argument ever advanced in favor of having so large

a governing body as the Senate is that it keeps the University in touch with the rest of the educational world—a result which may be admitted to be highly desirable. If this connection is to be maintained, some outside element is a necessity, but the absentee M.A.'s do not supply what is wanted. A vote of the whole Senate means that the country parsons come up and swamp everything. Touch should be kept up with the national system of education in accordance with a carefully-thought-out scheme. At present the examiners appointed from outside the University are the only external element on the Electoral Roll, but they point the way in the right direction. Great educational bodies, like the Board of Education, the Headmasters' Conference, the National Union of Teachers, might nominate representatives who would be co-opted into the House of Residents. The last argument for not abolishing the Senate altogether would then disappear. With the Senate would go the absurd system of the referendum, which separates the discussion and the decision, renders all amendments to a proposal impossible, and reduces the voting to a plain Yes or No. If amendments had been possible to a proposal of the Council, a compromise could have been arrived at both on Women's Degrees and Compulsory Greek. The House of Residents will be able to discuss, propose amendments, and vote after the ordinary fashion of deliberative assemblies.

In the third place, the Council of the Senate proposes to reform itself. It is founded on a system of "orders." Of the sixteen members in addition to the Vice-Chancellor, four, as has been stated, must be Heads of Colleges, four must be Professors, and eight ordinary members of the Electoral Roll. The Vice-Chancellor is always the Head of a College, so that there are necessarily five of his order in the Council. There are seventeen Heads to choose from, between fifty and sixty Professors, and 670 members of the Electoral Roll. A little arithmetic will show the proportionate value of each. It is proposed to abolish the system of orders, and to give a free choice for all sixteen places, the only restriction being that not more than three members of any one college shall be members of the Council at one time. The Vice-Chancellor-elect is to be added. These are just and reasonable proposals, to which no serious objection is likely to be taken.

No alteration is proposed in the duties or status of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor.

We have thus completed our survey of the proposals made with regard to the four first things, as they were styled. There remain two administrative bodies of great importance which are also to be reformed. These are the Financial Board and the General Board of Studies, which may be described as the Treasury and the Board of Education. The major part of University administration is carried on through them and the Council.

The Financial Board, as will be inferred from its title, manages the University finances, including the Common Fund, which is derived from a tax paid by all the colleges on their corporate incomes. It does its work extremely well. The only reform of it now proposed is that the two members elected to it by the General Board of Studies should hereafter be elected by the Council itself.

The General Board of Studies is made up of representatives from the Special Boards of Studies—i.e., the Mathematical Board, the Classical Board, and so on. It cannot, in candor, be described as a success. Created by Act of Parliament, very much was hoped from it at the beginning. It was to guide the whole range of University studies along right lines. To-day, it stands a failure, being wholly without influence. The Council proposes to reduce its number—that is all.

In the Financial Board and the General Board of Studies, the University possesses two bodies which, if they were armed with sufficient powers, could give the country a fully organised University.

The Financial Board ought to be given the control of all University and college funds. It could effect great economies both in the management and the application of existing resources. In this way a substantial reduc-

tion could be made in the cost of University education. The vexed question of scholarships would be greatly simplified, and there would be no need for the petty financial juggling which seeks to get more M.A.'s at the risk of getting fewer undergraduates.

The General Board of Studies ought, in like manner, to be given control of all University and college teaching. It could then co-ordinate and develop it, making it at once better and cheaper. If it began by procuring the abolition of compulsory Greek and by instituting a proper entrance examination, all who could profit by a University course would be encouraged to come, and all who could not profit by it would be effectually scared away.

Such are the lines along which real reform must come, but Cambridge is not at present alive to the fact. The drastic proposals made above have no University opinion in their favor. They have not yet passed beyond the stage of amused contempt. The Council of the Senate, it is all too plain, has been content to point out the roads which lead to reform without boldly advancing along them. An outside public opinion is needed to urge things forward. The country has a splendid inheritance in this ancient University—magnificent buildings, both new and old, rich endowments, a great and growing income, the best of teachers, the most inspiring of traditions. When will it wake up and see that possessions so priceless are used to the best advantage? The undertaking is worth while. Its importance will one day dawn on the public mind, though, for the time being, more stirring questions absorb the attention of politicians and statesmen.

A. I. TILLYARD.

Letters from the Empire.

CANADA AND TORY IMPERIALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There have been many secret complaints and much bitter disappointment (of late) among the faithful of Birmingham in regard to the persistent lukewarmness of many Canadians, whose loyalty is unimpeachable, to the so-called Imperialist cause. In the eyes of Tariff Reformers, it seems rank heresy and ingratitude for any inhabitant of a country which is to be expanded and developed and consolidated by their pet schemes, to display a wanton indifference over this great issue.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, it might be opportune to explain why many educated Canadians and better-class British emigrants are not ardent Imperialists after the Birmingham pattern. The reason is to be found in the fact that to-day this brand of Imperialism finds its chief support in Canada from the avaricious financial and corporation interests which, thanks to the shelter of the tariff and the corruption of public life, begotten by its existence, constitute a serious menace to the Commonwealth. Many of the friends of Imperialism are to-day the worst foes of good government in Canada. No one beats the Imperial drum more loudly, or applauds the Tariff Reform movement in Britain more keenly in their servile press, than the members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association (though they would, in reality, prove to be the sternest foes of any extension of the Preference), and yet none has had a greater share in debasing the public life of Canada by their machinations. The Tory Protectionist sect at home finds, for the time being, kindred spirits and devout allies in the financial and Protectionist cliques of Montreal and Toronto, so long as their interests do not clash, but sane, moderate men in Canada, anxious for their country's welfare, must distrust this coalition, and range themselves on the other side to thwart its projects even at the expense of Imperialism.

The great railway corporations, too, are strenuously Imperial, because they have frequent issues of bonds to place before a Tory Stock Exchange; but popular opinion is rarely to be found on the side of railway

directors in Canada. In the West, the main support of Tory Imperialism comes from a Winnipeg paper, whose mission it is to apologise for and explain the many and varied transactions of the pushful owners of the Canadian Northern Railway. But if one thing has done more to bring the Imperialist movement to ridicule in Canada than another, it was the appearance last year in a Tory review, famous for its fanaticism, of a political and naval article by a Canadian railway magnate whose literary abilities are notoriously deficient. This effusion was foisted upon an unsuspecting British public as the weighty utterance of a great Imperialist pioneer, but in Canada it only excited cynical amusement. The Tory Imperialists in Britain have endeavored to compass their ends by working through the large financial and railway corporations, who also have the additional merit of being able to extend facilities for cheap transportation to Imperial missionaries, willing, of course, to say a timely word in the English Press about the material resources of the country.

They have come to believe that Canada consists of the C.P.R., the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern Railways, a couple of luxurious clubs in Montreal and Toronto, and a few politicians and editors, and they have failed to take any cognisance of the fierce democratic spirit of the Canadian people, which is now tamed by excessive prosperity, but must soon again be aroused by its oppressions. The greatest danger to Canada is not the return of the Asquith Government to power, but the domination of a group of vested interests and greedy corporations, who aim at the creation of a nation composed of plutocratic Mandarins and Galician navvies rather than a free, enlightened community which should be an improvement on the Mother Country. Scarcely a day now passes but the Canadian papers contain news of some new trust or financial combine, devised to bleed the people of the Dominion; in fact, so serious has the condition of affairs become that the Laurier Government has been forced, in the teeth of the manufacturers' opposition, to introduce anti-trust legislation of a rigorous nature. The corporation interests have, unfortunately, succeeded too well in dominating and corrupting the atmosphere of Ottawa, and Canada to-day presents an awful object lesson of the evil political effects of a protective tariff. But the situation is maturing, and, though the ordinary Canadian, prosperous in his investments and business operations, is somewhat apathetic as regards the future, sooner or later the people of the Dominion must fight for their liberties against an organised gang of unscrupulous plutocrats. The public conscience will some day be sternly awakened, and if the friends of Imperialism are on the losing side, Imperialism must suffer for the bad judgment of its sponsors.

Furthermore, the tactics of Imperial missionaries to Canada are subject for severe condemnation. We have been favored with a series of these enthusiasts, and the discretion of the Canadian Club authorities or their knowledge of the relative importance of people in British public life is often at fault. As a result, there has been a flood of speeches from British Tories, whose chief theme was the sufferings of the Mother Country under an iniquitous Liberal Government. The Mackinders and Kiplings bewail in public places the decadence of Great Britain, and attribute its decline to the passion of the electorate for a wretched Liberalism and a stupid indifference to the blessings of Tariff Reform. They forget that most members of these Canadian Clubs are strong sympathisers with British Liberalism, and their cheap sneers never fail to excite bitter indignation among the strong contingent of Scottish Liberals which is usually present. British emigrants may differ from one another in their political opinions, but they are unanimously agreed on the evil of holding up their Motherland to the pity and scorn of the inhabitants of any other country, even a daughter State. Moreover, the self-consciousness and conceit of any new country is already too great to admit of its being stimulated by Tory flattery of one of its worst institutions—the Protective Tariff.

It is, however, a strange fact that the Canadian

Clubs rarely have the opportunity of hearing the Liberal side of British politics, and it would be an excellent move if a few prominent Liberals would visit Canada at an early date, and make use of the many opportunities which will be afforded to them of stating their case and its meaning for the Empire. They would find an enthusiastic welcome and widespread sympathy, as the real democracy of Canada, which has been nursed on the best traditions of Scottish Liberalism, regards Tory Imperialism and its local allies with serious distrust and suspicion.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. STEVENSON.

Letters to the Editor.

IRELAND AND THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I refuse to be driven by Mr. Lynd into a defence of Dublin Castle, and I have produced no argument, plausible or otherwise, to prove that Ireland is over-taxed. My sole contention is that the 1909 Budget has reduced an amount of over-taxation, and that by it Ireland is a net gainer of at least £1,500,000, not a penny of which is spent on policemen, judges, Castle officials, or any other undeserving objects. If this is a bankrupting Budget, then I say more power to it! The novelties of taxation it contains are just the kind I would like to see accepted by an Irish Parliament.

To Mr. Lynd, however, it is *anathema maranatha*, because it does not at the same time knock £2,000,000 off the cost of administration; that is to say, because it does not readjust the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and reorganise the whole system of Irish government (objects which, if contained in it, would have exposed it to the charge of "tacking"), he lends his countenance to the outcry against it of those who have no intention or desire to readjust those financial relations, and who are strenuously opposed to any reorganisation of Irish government, at least on lines approved by Mr. Lynd. This is a policy so fatuous and short-sighted that even the most ardent zeal for the welfare and prosperity of Ireland cannot justify it. We stand to lose nothing, and we have everything to gain, by the passing of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. Its triumph means the defeat of the House of Lords and the removal of the last obstacle to Irish self-government, and to Budgets in accordance with Irish ideas.

It may be very patriotic to pitch one's interest into the sea because the principal is not immediately forthcoming, and to lose all rather than accept one's pound of flesh in instalments; but, thank Heaven! we are not all stern, unbending patriots. For an Irishman who believes in Home Rule the one great question is—Will the passing into law of the Budget bring Home Rule any nearer? If it will, then ram it through, and let the consequences share the fate Lord Milner assigned them.

Mr. Lynd, still thinking of his ducats, has no eyes for the greater prize that awaits. He is like a man who refuses a seat in a train going his way because he is asked to travel third-class instead of saloon. But some of us are more keen on getting to our destination than on having the journey made luxurious for us, and, recognising that the friends of the Budget are the friends of Ireland, we do not see how Ireland will benefit from our playing the game of the Budget's enemies.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. DAVEY.

Rea's Buildings, Royal Avenue, Belfast,
April 12th, 1910.

P.S.—Mr. Lynd's arithmetic is sounder than his logic, and I must bow to his correction of my figures regarding Ireland's total share of the total taxation. The error arose through my accepting his figures of Ireland's contribution to the revenue, and connecting with them percentages worked out from different estimates. However, taking his own figures, the Budget of 1909 effects a substantial reduction in Ireland's share of the total taxation of the United Kingdom. There may still be considerable leeway to make up, but when a start has been made is scarcely the time to raise the shout of "plunder."

W. H. D.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—What is Mr. Robert Lynd fussing about? If he lived in Ireland instead of England he would be taxed the same amount so long as he returned the same income and consumed the same quantity of taxed commodities. What a pity that a patriotic Irishman should thunder against the particular Budget under which the rich pay heavily and the poor escape lightly. It is a fact that the Irish people living in Ireland receive under this Budget five shillings from the Exchequer for every shilling they pay to the Exchequer. The rich Irish Unionists are leading Ireland by the nose, and if Mr. Lynd and his friends succeed, they will get and deserve a good dose of Tariff Reform and Coercion from Birmingham.—Yours, &c.,

ENGLISH HOME RULER.

London, April 11th, 1910.

LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Hogge insists that we should not view this subject from a Radical standpoint, but it is equally impossible to accept his invitation, and view it from the standpoint of the Rosebery remnant in the Cabinet.

The plea of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane simply means fear and distrust of the people and of representative government. Their policy of reform, however ostensibly democratic, can, in its effect, only be reactionary, and, instead of gaining further support, is doomed to the ditch.

In the long conflict with the Lords, the policy of the restricted veto alone has always found general acceptance in the Liberal Party. Long ago John Bright described the proper function of the House of Lords to be that of a saucer into which Bills could be poured out to cool for a limited period before final acceptance. Like Mr. Hogge, I recollect viewing, when a boy, the great franchise demonstrations in 1884, and the most popular feature of the demonstration in Glasgow was the figure of Lord Salisbury shut up in an iron cage. Lord Rosebery himself, when leader of the Liberal Party, thus declared its policy in 1894: "We have nothing to do with the present constitution of the House of Lords. We take the House of Lords as it stands. In our opinion, the time has come when the right of the House of Lords to an absolute veto upon the wishes or legislation of the House of Commons should for ever cease." Despite Mr. Hogge's personal experience as a "tub-thumper," it cannot be denied that it was the anti-veto policy which gained the support of the country at the last election. It is the policy which alone commands the allegiance of all sections of the Liberal Party, which is certain of further support with the political education of the people, and the ultimate permanent success of which is assured, representing, as it does, the cause of real democracy.

Let Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane have faith in the determination of the people, and stiffen their sinews, summon up their courage, and work loyally and resolutely in unison with the rest of the Cabinet to make the restricted veto a part of the Constitution, and there can be no fear of the future. The Tory Party can be defied to alter their work.

Mr. Hogge draws a dismal picture of an overworked, degenerate House of Commons, but the remedy for this is not the establishment of a supreme Second Chamber, but such reorganisation of the House of Commons as would make it more democratic and efficient, and less in need of a Second Chamber check. The Liberal Party is further pledged to a scheme of devolution which would lessen this burden of overwork; but perhaps Mr. Hogge also desires that the Liberal Party should deny the claims of Ireland and Scotland to Home Rule, in order that it may regain the approval and support of that typical moderate non-party politician, Lord Rosebery.—Yours, &c.,

Liberal Club, Kirkcaldy,

J. MUNRO.

April 10th, 1910.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE OPIUM TRADE IN CHINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The notice you inserted last week of the anti-opium memorial promoted by Professor Caldecott, of King's

College, seems to need supplementing by some statement with regard to China's remarkable success in her effort (I quote the despatch of the British Minister at Peking, announcing its inception) "to sweep away in a decade habits which have been the growth of at least a century and which have gained a firm hold upon 8,000,000 of the adult population of the Empire, a task which has, I imagine, been rarely attempted with success in the course of history." The records of this success, contained in four Parliamentary White Papers, two volumes of Proceedings of the Shanghai International Opium Commission, the weekly issues of the "North China Herald," and other Anglo-Chinese organs, and the publications of the missionary societies, are, I fear, as yet little known to the public of this country. I hope you may be able to find space for a brief summary of the marvellous achievement of the last three and a half years.

It will, I believe, be recognised by future generations that the unanimous vote of May 30th, 1906, by which the House of Commons declared the Indo-Chinese opium trade "morally indefensible," though it received little notice from contemporary journalism, was one of the most momentous acts of the last Parliament. The information thereupon transmitted to China, that Britain was willing to co-operate with her for the suppression of her greatest foe, happily arrived in time to avert independent action on her part, which could hardly have failed to bear an unfriendly appearance. It was promptly followed by an Imperial decree of September 20th, 1906, directing that "within a period of ten years the evils arising from foreign and native opium be equally and completely eradicated." A year later the two Governments arrived at an agreement under which the export of opium from India to China was to be diminished at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, so as to come to an end with 1917; but it was thought needful to stipulate that this arrangement be reconsidered at the end of three years, when it would be renewed if China were shown faithfully to have observed her undertaking to put down the production of native opium at least as rapidly.

Already, in October last, Mr. Max Müller, Councillor of the British Legation at Peking, in the latest annual report on this subject, after telling of the total suppression of opium production in four provinces, two of which had been amongst the largest producers, wrote: "I am strongly of opinion that prohibition of opium will now be enforced, of course with varying results, in practically all the provinces, and I also cannot help feeling that the majority of the high provincial authorities are convinced that no trifling with this question will be allowed, and that they will therefore do all that lies in their power to enforce the order that no more poppy is to be sown." This forecast is borne out by the testimony that has since reached us. In Sz-chuan, the great Western province which was formerly credited with producing nearly half the opium crop of China, a thorough investigation recently made by missionaries shows that poppy cultivation is practically at an end, a result which, though in most cases it was effected peacefully, in deference to the strong public opinion to which all the recent Consular reports testify, was in others attained only after the heads of the cultivators had been cut off in their own poppy fields. The latest report on the subject comes from the well-known Peking correspondent of the "Times," who, in his enterprising homeward journey across China and Turkestan, writes from Kansu, "the most distant and the most backward of the eighteen provinces of China proper," to tell of the effort being made there "to come into line with other provinces in enforcing the suppression of the opium evil."

Sir F. Carruthers Gould, on the issue of the edict of 1906, represented a Chinaman suggesting, in pidgin English, that his countrymen, having suppressed their own opium evil, should send missionaries to help us to get rid of the drink curse. It looks as if this prophecy might soon be fulfilled. Meanwhile, it is surely no wonder that the teachers of ethics in our colleges should come forward to urge that we do not hamper China's magnificent effort to rid herself of an evil which our action in the past has so largely contributed to fasten upon her. Yet this must be the effect of insistence on India's right, for another seven and a half years, to export to China thousands of opium chests, which, though ever diminishing in number, have become so enormously

enhanced in value that the Indian revenues gained an unexpected million of pounds sterling last year, and appear likely to gain several more millions this year. Such insistence must also seriously affect our friendly relations with the great nation which is proving its greatness by nothing more conclusively than by the vigor with which it is stamping out a great national evil, regardless of public and private losses.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH G. ALEXANDER, Hon. Secretary,
Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade.
181, Queen Victoria Street, London,
April 13th, 1910.

"THE MADRAS HOUSE."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I heartily support your correspondents who have expressed their admiration for Mr. Granville Barker's "Madras House"? It is a misfortune that this most interesting play should have been so misunderstood, and one hopes that audiences will soon be given the chance of second thoughts. The interpretation of it as an attack on women is astonishing. It seems impossible that even the most literal person could fail to see that the whole play is nothing but an attack, a most brilliantly amusing and penetrating attack, on the old notions of "woman's sphere." The really beautiful, restrained, and natural passage where the shopgirl plans for her baby's future ought to have shown everybody where the author's sympathies were. In one matter only it might be possible to disagree with him: in the case of the good employer who grows rich on a trade he despises. Philip made me remember two young men, one of whom resigned a share in his father's business because he found the habits of commercial people did not come up to his ideas of honesty; while the other, an enthusiastic total abstainer, accepted a partnership in a brewery. Both these actions were dramatic, and Philip had evidently gone through a drama of the same kind, without our being made aware of it, except by his discontent and dryness.

If London audiences cannot understand and be held by such fine work as "The Madras House," with the best of acting, we do not deserve a good theatre; but one hopes that in this case it is the critics who have done the harm, which a little time may undo.—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND NASH.

42, Well Walk, Hampstead,
April 12th, 1910.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Does Mr. Robert Dell really believe that vulgarity and materialism are going to disappear under anti-clerical governments? If so, his opinion is not shared by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who, writing some time ago in the "Nineteenth Century," said that he left France full of grave forebodings as to its future. Mr. Harrison wrote of the vulgarity of the Press—its irresponsibility and sensationalism. In art, he noticed the ever-increasing desire to be original, at the expense of all decent tradition. Surely this craving for eccentric originality is a sure sign of decay. Has Mr. Dell forgotten that it was an anti-clerical Government which picked a quarrel with the Moors in order to grab their country. It was an anti-clerical Government which broke up the convents, and sent the nuns on to the street.

As regards the religious neutrality of the public schools, I was told by a Lycée professor that it was almost impossible for a man who was not anti-clerical to get an appointment as schoolmaster.—Yours, &c.,

D. FOX PITT.

War Coppice, near Caterham, Surrey,
April 11th, 1910.

"WINSTON CHURCHILL THE FIRST."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It was not merely the "envy, hatred, or malice" of Wood that passed severe judgment on Sir Winston Churchill's "Divi Britannici." So omnivorous a reader as

Macaulay speaks of it in his history (Albany ed., Vol. I., p. 481) as " . . . a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs." It seems clear that the first Winston Churchill differed from his namesake not more in his political views than in his ability to write a readable book.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM A. COLEGATE.

41, Princess Road, Leicester,
April 10th, 1910.

COLONIAL PREFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I had thought that Colonial Preference—as one of the main supports of "Tariff Reform"—had died a natural death. But evidently that is not the case. It must have been merely in a state of coma.

As I have lived in the Colonies for more than a quarter of a century, you may perhaps be willing to find room in your valuable paper for my views—which are those of a very large number of Colonists—on this matter.

Put briefly, these views are that any serious attempt to carry out the principles of Colonial Preference must inevitably break up the British Empire into its component parts.

When Mr. J. Chamberlain first began his Tariff Reform crusade, of course Colonial Preference loomed very large. But there were to be no duties on raw materials—the brilliant idea of making the foreigner pay the taxes not having yet risen above the horizon. So Canada was to have a preference for its wheat, and Australia was not to have any for its wool. This seemed to be a very one-sided arrangement, and the leaders on the subject in the Melbourne "Age" were very instructive. The abuse of Mr. Chamberlain was only surpassed by the abuse of Canada for going, so to speak, behind the scenes and pulling the wires for its own advantage. I had never previously known the Press of any one British Colony speak ill of any other Colony, and it gave one to think. If the mere suggestion of such an arrangement produced so much ill-feeling, what might not be the result of protracted negotiations, ending with a settlement that would please nobody—possibly bloodshed, certainly strained relations, and a cutting of "painters."

It is the old story. How often has one seen a large family living together happily and in a friendly spirit, until the head of the family dies and leaves his money divided among them. At once there is discord. A says that B has more than his fair share. C is accused of using undue influence, and so on, and so on. Before long the once affectionate family are not on speaking terms, even if they have not actually "gone to law." It is just the same with the British Empire. Let the only ties between the different members be those of sentiment and affection, and it may last for ever; but once introduce the huxtering element, the commercial spirit of money-making—in short, the "cash nexus"—and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness will take the place of pride and affection, and the solidarity of the British Empire will be gone for ever.

Most Colonists also recognise the hard case of the working classes of this country, and would be very loth to make money at their expense.—Yours, &c.,

E. M.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I note a slight inaccuracy in the reference to Gerhart Hauptmann's forthcoming novel, "Emanuel Quint," in a recent issue of THE NATION, where this work is described as the author's first attempt at fiction in a non-dramatic form. Two short prose pieces by Hauptmann appeared in 1887 and 1888 respectively, "Bahnwärter Thiel," a pathetic low-life story, and "Der Apostel," a symbolic study in prose. Both have been included in the collected edition of his works issued by his publisher, S. Fischer, Berlin, in November, 1906. Hauptmann has also published an epic, entitled "Promethideulos" (*anglice*, "The Fate of the Children of Prometheus"), now out of print.

Hauptmann's work is distinguished by a "sweet

seriousness"—as it has been aptly called—which might find more appropriate expression in narrative than in dramatic form. He excels in dramatic expression of the intimate emotions of middle-class and work-a-day life, but in the more fundamental application of this method he has lost a degree of the more potent magic of the essential drama. His reversion to the narrative is, therefore, an event of considerable interest and promise.—Yours, &c.,

MICHAEL O'DEMPSEY.

Parkton, Enniscorthy.

MR. JOHN BURNS AND COUNTER-ATTRACTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the important Poor Law debate in the House of Commons on the 8th, the President of the Local Government Board, the Rt. Hon. Mr John Burns, dealt, among other things, with the place of drink in the causation of poverty. He referred to the need for counter-attractions to the drink traffic.

In doing so he was rendering a service to temperance advocates. While, personally, I believe that this is the speediest and most effective method of dealing with intemperance at any time, it is at the present moment the only method open to reformers who wish to see a greatly reduced consumption of alcohol in the country.

The sentiment of counter-attractions is one thing, and the securing of them another. There has been only one practical scheme placed before the country showing the way, and that has been fought by temperance people themselves. It is true that there are isolated instances of successful counter-attractions, such as that now being carried on at Middlesbrough—a really first-class attempt to meet the need. But we don't want only isolated cases: we require a network of counter-attractions all over the country.

The minimum amount necessary to tackle in any statesmanlike way such a universal application of the idea is £1,000 for every 10,000 of the population, *e.g.*, the needs of London could not be met without a minimum expenditure of half a million sterling annually.

Neither the Chancellor of the Exchequer nor the chairman of a Municipal Finance Committee is likely to turn a sympathetic ear to the advocates of such increased expenditure. It can't be obtained over any long period of time or from philanthropists in sufficient amount. We are shut up therefore to taking it out of the profits of the Trade.

To achieve this we require to get rid of the present licensing system and to replace it by one which would give localities, among other options, the choice of placing all licences under disinterested management—an option fruitful of the most encouraging results in Scandinavia.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. HOGGE.

"Braeside," Acomb Road, York,
April 12th, 1910.

Poetry.

MISE FEIN.

EVERYTHING that I can spy
Through the circle of my eye:
Everything that I can see
Has been woven out of me.
I have sown the stars, and threw
Clouds of morning and of eve
Up into the vacant blue.
Everything that I perceive,
Sun and sea and mountain high,
All are moulded by my eye;
Closing which, what shall I find?
Darkness, and a little wind.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge, and Elsewhere." By Oscar Browning. (Lane. 14s. net.)
 "The Court of William III." By Edwin and Marion Sharpe Grew. (Mills & Boon. 15s. net.)
 "Maurice Maeterlinck: A Biographical Study, with Two Essays by M. Maeterlinck." By Gerard Harry. Translated by Alfred Allinson. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Women Napoleon Loved." By Tighe Hopkins. (Nash. 15s. net.)
 "The Passing of the Shereefian Empire." By E. Ashmead-Bartlett. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)
 "A History of Perugia." By William Heywood. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Science from an Easy Chair." By Sir Ray Lankester. (Methuen. 6s.)
 "What the Public Wants: A Play in Four Acts." By Arnold Bennett. (Palmer. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "A Modern Chronicle." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan. 6s.)
 "Judas Iscariot." By L. M. Andréyev. (Griffiths. 5s. net.)
 "Histoire de la République (1876-1879)." Seconde Partie. "La Seize Mai et la Fin du Septennal." Par M. de Marcère. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
 "Les Idées de Stendhal." Par Jean Méliat. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)
 "Les Armées." Roman. Par Romain Rolland. (Paris: Ollendorff. 3fr. 50.)

CAGLIOSTRO, or, to give him his true name, Joseph Balsamo, is the subject of a biography to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, upon which Mr. W. R. Trowbridge is at present engaged. There is probably no eighteenth century personage, famous or notorious, whose life it is more difficult to write in a satisfactory fashion. Carlyle calls him "a liar of the first magnitude, thorough-paced in all provinces of lying, what one may call the King of Liars"; and not only was he a liar himself, but he was the cause of a great deal of lying in others. Most of the books professing to narrate his career are filled with sheer inventions, but Cagliostro himself, as one of his French biographers remarks, "could lie in five or six languages, a fact which constitutes for him a decided superiority over the greater number of men." It would be an exaggeration to say that he has been maligned, though there can be no doubt that the general estimate of him is colored by the fact that most of the documents available for forming an opinion upon his character date from the years immediately succeeding the Diamond Necklace affair, a time when political and other interests found it to their advantage to paint him in the darkest colors. It will be interesting to see what verdict Mr. Trowbridge's research leads him to pass upon "the unattainable ideal and type-specimen" of all Quacks.

"THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE FAIRIES" is an attractive title for an "essay in literary history," and Madame Lucie Félix-Faure-Goyau, a daughter of the late President Félix Faure, treats the theme with a charming mixture of sympathy and irony in a book just published in Paris by Messrs. Perrin. She gives the term "fairy" a rather wide meaning, and includes many figures in Norse and German mythology, whom we are not accustomed to look upon as fairies in the strict sense, though Madame Faure-Goyau could plead the derivation of the word in justification of her inclusion. The remote ancestors of these vague and elusive personages are to be found, she tells us, in Egypt. Certain goddesses of that country presided over the births of children, after the manner of our own fairy god-mothers, bestowing gifts upon the newly born, and decreeing their fate according to the day on which the birth takes place. "He who is born on such a day will die by infection; he who is born on such a day will die by the crocodile; he who is born on such a day will die of old age; he who is born on such a day will die in the veneration of all men." These Egyptian goddesses were also like the fairies in their powerful spells, their metamorphoses, and the fact that they were usually "young, smiling, and beautiful."

It is not, however, till we come to Brittany, that we reach the classic land of fairy lore. In Brittany there are as many fairies as saints, and there the saints are so

numerous that the people in one parish often do not even know by name the saints of the next. It was from Brittany that the Round Table cycle, with Vivian and Merlin, crossed the seas, and Madame Faure-Goyau writes at length about this and other cycles. The fairies of the Carolingian period are less interesting. They are tainted with Christianity, and often become baptised and undertake edifying missions. Yet it is among them that we first encounter Oberon, the little king of the fairies, a son, if tradition is to be believed, of Morgana and Julius Caesar. It is England and Spenser who introduce the harsh tone of polemics into fairyland, but the reproach is rolled away by Shakespeare, "the greatest of all writers on fairies, whose plays are often fairy tales, even when no fairies are introduced, for it is not the presence of fairies, but rather a special atmosphere, which constitutes the fairy realm." The fairies of classic France, those of Perrault, and Madame d'Aulnoy, the fairies of the Italian Renaissance, Carlo Gozzi's Venetian fairies, Grimm's German fairies, Andersen's Scandinavian fairies, the fairies of the French Romantic movement who were created in such numbers by Charles Nodier, those re-discovered by Mr. Andrew Lang, and the inhabitants of Mr. Barrie's Never-Never Land, are all to be found in Madame Faure-Goyau's pages. We recommend every student of fairy lore to make their acquaintance.

"MEMORIES OF SWINBURNE, WITH OTHER ESSAYS," is the title of a collection of literary studies by Mr. W. G. Blakie Murdoch shortly to be issued by Messrs. Gray, of Edinburgh. It contains appreciations of Swinburne, W. E. Henley, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and Mr. George Moore. Among the illustrations will be Mr. W. Rothenstein's drawing of Swinburne, Rossetti's portrait of the poet, and unpublished drawings by Mr. Albert Rothenstein.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE are to publish immediately "Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary E. Coleridge." Collected from various sources, including several extinct magazines, these prose messages have been sympathetically edited, with an intimate life-sketch by Miss Edith Sichel. An appendix includes a few unpublished poems and also some characteristic notes from the Table Talk of the author of "Ionica."

THE biography of Harrison Ainsworth by Mr. S. M. Ellis, which is to be published by Mr. John Lane, will contain an exceptionally large number of hitherto unpublished letters written to Ainsworth by some of the leading men of letters of the nineteenth century. Ainsworth conducted several journalistic ventures, and many writers of distinction made their first public appearance under his auspices. Mr. Ellis's volume will contain letters by Lamb, Dickens, Browning, Disraeli, Barham (the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends"), Cruikshank, and several of the famous Fraser group.

SOME curious and interesting information in regard to the working of the old Poor Law and the development of the machinery of Local Government is promised in "Liverpool Parish Records," which is shortly to be published by the Liverpool School of Local History and Records. In their book on "English Local Government," Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb strongly urged the publication of these Liverpool Records, which extend from the year 1681 to the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act in 1834. Mr. W. L. Blease and Mr. Henry Peet are the editors of the work, which appears opportunely at a time when the question of Poor Law Reform is engaging so much attention.

NEXT week Messrs. Methuen will issue Professor Oman's "England Before the Conquest," a volume in the series of which he is the general editor. The coming work gives special attention to the period of the Roman occupation, and makes use of the fresh information about Roman Britain brought to light by recent excavation. Three chapters are given to the Saxon invasions, and the difficult historical problems associated with them, while the remainder of the volume treats of the period from St. Augustine's landing in 597 to the Battle of Hastings.

Reviews.

A FAMILIAR STORY.*

THIS book recalls a familiar story—the history of Ireland in the days of the Home Rule League, of the Land League, the National League, and the Clan-na-Gael. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the period, and is rather a comment on the events and the men of the time than a historical narrative. Some thirty years ago Mr. O'Donnell was himself a notable character in the House of Commons. These were the days of obstruction, and he was a born obstructionist. We have heard the story, and tell it as it was told to us, how Mr. O'Donnell came down to the House one night wrapt in a big, long coat, which extended to his feet. "He looked," said an Irish member, "like one of those distinguished music-hall artists who spend the night going about in a hansom cab, popping into a music-hall to sing a song and then getting into his great overcoat, going off to another music-hall to sing another song, and so on. Frank Hugh came in, looking like a distinguished music-hall artist of this kind, wrapt in in his great coat. He took his place among us. I said to —, who was sitting by my side, 'Do you think will O'Donnell address the House in that coat?' 'Certainly,' replied —. 'Then,' said I, 'he will cover himself with glory, for he cannot show his disrespect for the place in a more marked manner.' When the time came, Frank Hugh rose, great coat and all. Members seemed surprised, but he went on. Mundella was one of the occupants of the Treasury bench. He had a pair of red socks on. He was leaning back on the seat with crossed legs, and exposed the socks to view. At one point he interrupted O'Donnell. 'Sir,' said O'Donnell, 'the right hon. gentleman, whose socks are emblematic of the blood through which he is prepared to wade in the government of Ireland—interrupts'"—&c.

A policy of exasperation was the policy of the little band of obstructionists who "held up" English legislation, and there was, perhaps, nothing in their proceedings more exasperating than the appearance of Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell on his legs, addressing the House. He was, in truth, the very personification of exasperation.

Mr. O'Donnell writes well; and his caustic criticisms—he is an old journalistic hand—are amusing and characteristic. But the topics dealt with in these volumes are as familiar as household words. Every one who takes an intelligent interest in Irish affairs knows everything that is to be known about the initiation of the Home Rule movement by Isaac Butt, and about the associations of Home Rule and Fenianism; about the land question, the land agitation, the Land League, and the Land Bills; about the new departure, the "American dollars," the "reign of terror," Patrick Ford, the "Irish World," the dynamitards, the "Invincibles," the conversion of Mr. Gladstone to Home Rule, the Home Rule Bills, and the rise and fall of Charles Stewart Parnell.

There is no lack of books and documents on the subject. To name only a few which occur to one on the spur of the moment—there is Mr. A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland," which gives an account of the beginning of the Home Rule movement, and of the events which immediately preceded and followed it. There is Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "Parnell Movement"; there is Mr. Davitt's "Fall of Feudalism in Ireland"—a great book. Taking the other point of view, there is Sir Wemyss Reid's "Life of Mr. Forster," Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone," and Mr. Winston Churchill's brilliant biography of his father. Then we have what may be called the literature of the Special Commission—speeches of Sir Charles Russell, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Davitt, Mr. Hurlbert's "Ireland under Coercion," Mr. Le Caron's "Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service," "Parnellism and Crime," and the report and evidence of the Special Commission itself—these are but a tithe of the authorities, good or bad, which may be cited. All the hard things that could be said against the Irish Parliamentary movement during the last thirty or forty years have been said; so that Mr. O'Donnell's contribution

to the indictment which has been drawn up by English enemies against his fellow-countrymen—for that is the point of his book—is but the repetition of a thrice-told tale. The work of the Land League and the "Parnell Movement" has been abundantly justified. "I must make one admission," said Mr. Gladstone in 1893, "and that is that, without the Land League, the Act of 1881 would not at this moment be on the Statute Book." "Fixity of tenure," said Lord Derby, "has been the direct result of two causes—Irish outrage and Parliamentary obstruction. The Irish know it as well as we. Not all the influence and eloquence of Mr. Gladstone would have prevailed on the English House of Commons to do what has been done in the matter of Irish tenant right, if the answer to all objections had not been ready: 'How else are we to govern Ireland?'"

More remarkable still is the statement made by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords on the second reading of the Land Bill of 1881. He said: "In view of the prevailing agitation, and having regard to the state of anarchy [in Ireland], I cannot recommend my followers to vote against the second reading of the Bill." But the vindication of the Land League is really to be found in the English Statute Book, and in the efforts of English responsible Ministers. From 1881 to 1910 Land Act after Land Act has been placed on the Statute Book to carry out the aims and policy of the Land League; and on two occasions an English Prime Minister introduced in the House of Commons Bills for the establishment of an Irish Parliament, and one of these Bills was carried through the House of Commons. To-day the whole Liberal Party stand pledged to Home Rule, and before the last General Election the Prime Minister of the hour declared his firm adherence to the cause, and abandoned the indifferent or even hostile policy which he and his friends adopted previous to the General Election of 1906. There may be much or little in the pledges of the Prime Minister; but the important fact remains that he felt himself obliged to hold out the olive branch in some form or other to the Irish Nationalists before facing the General Election of 1910.

Mr. O'Donnell is nothing if not a destructive critic, and he has scarcely anything good to say of anybody mentioned in this book. But Parnell is his pet aversion. We once knew a man who had a poor opinion of Napoleon Bonaparte. He said that the victories of the great Corsican were won by other men, and that the fame of one who is generally regarded as the most renowned military commander of his age, or, perhaps, of any age, was built up by the things he did, or was supposed to do, through the inspiration of his lieutenants. What this man thought of Bonaparte, Mr. O'Donnell thinks of Parnell. He was a mere pigmy, educated, so far as his intelligence was capable of development in political tactics, by Mr. O'Donnell, who was the brain of the Irish Parliamentary Party during the years in which he did them the honor of joining their ranks. We take at random one of the passages in which he elucidates this point:—

"The quest for information will naturally lead the reader to inquire why on earth I paid over £400 to Messrs. Biggar and Parnell through the London and Westminster Bank during the years 1876, 1877, and 1878. And apparently in instalments with interest also? Perfectly true. I was not paying, but repaying. Messrs. Biggar and Parnell had lent me £400 at the commencement of 1876, and I repaid them the whole of the money, together with interest at five per cent., during the two and a half years which followed. But why, why, did these gentlemen lend me £400 at the start of 1876? Quite simply. They could not possibly make any headway with the active policy in the House of Commons in the absence of their teacher and trainer, guide, philosopher, and chief. It was no use my mere explaining to them in my quiet library in Serjeant's Inn how they could open a new battery against the enemy every day of the Parliamentary week and every hour of the Parliamentary day. They could change from home affairs to Colonial affairs, and from the condition of the people to the war-cloud in the Balkans, cheerfully chivving the Home Secretary after the Board of Works, and the gentleman in charge of the diplomatic vote after the gentleman who managed the Army or the Navy. 'But we can't change like that,' they feelingly observed. 'You are writing leading articles all your time about that sort of stuff. We are not, and we are not likely to. You simply must come into Parliament, and show us how to practise what you preach.'"

In Parliament Mr. O'Donnell practically tells us that he became the genius of the Parliamentary movement. Biggar

*"A History of the Irish Parliamentary Party." By F. H. O'Donnell. Longmans. 2 vols. 24s. net.

and Parnell were his "apprentices," who could literally do nothing unless he was constantly at their side.

"My apprentices felt that they could not even apply the lessons of the Master without his personal presence and direction. They helped to quicken my appearance or return upon that scene where—as I had been the first to teach—the intervention of Irish members in English affairs could bring home the importance of Home Rule to every statesman in England."

The pity of it is that Mr. O'Donnell, whose knowledge, cleverness, and *sangfroid* undoubtedly played their part in the evolution of the new Irish party in Parliament, has to tell us all these things about himself. No other chronicler seems rightly to measure his importance. But how true it is that the world does not know its greatest men! We are even afraid that there are people who will be unreasonable and incredulous enough to say that Mr. O'Donnell's account of his own importance reminds them of what Lord Chesterfield—we believe it was Lord Chesterfield—once wrote to his son: "My dear boy, there are some things which, though strictly true, are yet so much in excess of human credulity that the very mention of them will expose your general veracity to doubt." There is no doubt but that Mr. O'Donnell is strongly of opinion that the giant blunder of the Irish people was the election of Parnell as leader in 1880. Reading Mr. O'Donnell's pages, it does seem extraordinary that Parnell—pupil—should have been selected to lead the movement, and that Mr. O'Donnell—teacher—should have been passed over. An extremely interesting item in this book is the statement that Mr. O'Donnell seems, as he tells us, to have had a chance of becoming leader of the English Tory Party; in fact, a chance of rivaling the fame of Mr. Disraeli. Mr. O'Donnell quotes with pardonable pride what Mr. Escott says upon the subject. Mr. Escott says:—

"By a curious irony of circumstance some English Conservatives thought Disraeli's successor might be supplied by an Irish colleague, Mr. F. Hugh O'Donnell, also a chief writer on the irreproachable 'Morning Post' and particularly well informed on questions of foreign policy."

What Mr. O'Donnell has to say himself on this point is equally interesting.

"I had a wide acquaintance, and not a few friendships, among the stoutest Tories in the House. When Sir Robert Fowler was Lord Mayor of London he invited me to the Mansion House 'to meet her Majesty's Judges.' A Tory soldier, like General Sir Edwin Burnaby, pressed me to be his guest at the meets of the Quorn. Often and often the full strength of the Conservative Party, 200 strong, had backed my opposition to Liberal projects. Mr. Escott, the attentive chronicler of English society in the reign of Queen Victoria, somewhat exaggerates my Tory prospects in attributing to some Conservative members a desire to see me become the Irish Disraeli of the squires of Britain."

Had the fates been propitious, Mr. O'Donnell might not only have been the leader of the Irish people, but Prime Minister of England. It is, however, hard to fight against evil fortune. Nevertheless, Mr. O'Donnell still maintains the unequal contest. Unfortunately, however, instead of being placed in a position where he could direct the destinies of nations, he is only given the chance of writing his autobiography, and of producing what it is the merest justice to describe as two volumes of fluent vituperation.

Mr. O'Donnell seems, at the moment, to be in sympathy with Fenianism; and his reference to the Fenian movement is agreeable and suggestive. Had Mr. O'Donnell devoted these two volumes to an account of Fenianism, assuming that he has the knowledge, instead of to spicy gossip and autobiographical flights, punctuated by virulent attacks on his own people, he might have made a valuable contribution to the history of his country. Nothing is known of Fenianism in England, and even very little that is sound and accurate among Irishmen of the present generation. Yet Fenianism was the driving force in Irish national politics for more than a quarter of a century. The following passage from Mr. O'Donnell's book is just:—

"That Home Rule movement had its immediate causes in two consequences of the Fenian conspiracy, one being the revelation of the immense popularity of the idea of rejection of British law, and the other being the intensity of the feelings of sympathy and anger which were generally excited by the trials and punishment of the prisoners engaged in the conspiracy and the attempt at insurrection. Of course, when I say generally excited, I mean generally excited amongst Irishmen. I do not remember that there was any general exhibition of sympathy or anger among Englishmen at the con-

demnation of Irish political prisoners to penal servitude for life or long terms of years in the common convict prison along with common convicts of every degree of villainess and brutality. English opinion has been generously excited against similar treatment of Poles, Hungarians, and Italians by various Continental Governments, but Ireland was neither in Poland, Hungary, nor Italy; and a matter of a few leagues or a few hundreds of leagues has made an enormous distinction in moral considerations on many occasions. Probably a good many Englishmen would be fairly astounded to know how moved, and indignant, and furious all sorts and conditions of people—Aldermen, housemaids, school children, University students—became, as we read, or heard read or quoted, 'the speeches from the Dock,' the plain newspaper reports of the last words, mostly calm, solemn acceptance of their doom, of all those stern, proud prisoners before they passed behind the barred doors to their life of pain and shame."

The political succession (so to say) in Ireland during the past century and a quarter is curious and interesting. First came Grattan and the volunteers. That movement was originally an industrial movement; but the struggle for free trade ended in the victory of legislative independence. Grattan believed in the connection with England, but was opposed to legislative union. Then came Wolfe Tone, who believed in separation pure and simple. O'Connell followed. He was the political descendant of Grattan, and, while averse from separation, demanded the repeal of the Union. The Young Irelanders were avowedly repealers, but they revived the memory of Tone and the United Irishmen; and the teaching of the "Nation" was unquestionably calculated to develop the separatist idea. The Fenians gave logical effect to the teaching of the "Nation," and unfurled the flag of separation. They were politically the lineal descendants of Wolfe Tone. Butt, like Grattan and O'Connell, was loyal to the connection with England, but desired the establishment of an Irish Parliament. Nevertheless the Home Rule movement, which he founded, was to a certain extent favored by Fenianism, and Butt himself was, unconsciously perhaps, converted to Irish nationality by Fenian influences. He had defended the Fenian prisoners, and was filled with admiration of their self-sacrificing devotion to their country. Parnell stood alone. He did not come in the line of political succession from Grattan. He did not come in the line of political succession from Wolfe Tone. He was not loyal to the English connection. He was not a separatist. He was ready to accept an Irish Parliament as a settlement of the Irish question in his own day; but he said, "No man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation."

He was not a teacher, an orator, nor a poet. But he was, more essentially than any of his predecessors for a hundred years, a leader of men. "If you get my value," he said in Committee Room XV., "you may change me tomorrow."

He has been in his grave for eighteen years. Ireland has not got his value yet.

THE QUIET EYE.*

For readers who can be pleased with the reminiscent page that shuts out malice, Mr. Russell is a companion in five hundred. He has called himself an old fogey. Turn the name over in the light reflected from these thrice-happy little essays, and it seems to mean no more than that the writer is something past "the bounds of freakish youth," and has remembered of that youth all that is worthiest to survive its fall. He recalls the friendships of school, the counsels of good masters, the help of wise sermons, the lessons learned from great leaders like Gladstone, the charm and power of the hostess of genius, and the mundane virtue that resides in the best of the ancient shire-bred social sets. He makes the old Whiggery (which, "rightly understood, is not a political creed, but a social caste") a thing both memorable and admirable.

From this glance at a part of its contents it might be inferred that the book is principally grave. It is, on the contrary, principally gay. Its interests and sympathies, moreover, are wide and full; for that general tranquillity of mind, which is one of Mr. Russell's enviable possessions, has not been purchased at the price either of indifference or of cynicism. He has causes to uphold and ideals to cherish, but the Eton and Harrow cricket match appeals to

* "Sketches and Snapshots." By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

him as "the best and greatest garden party of the year"; he is valiant for the Church and for Liberalism and for the memory of Gladstone, but he remembers that there is a very pleasant race meeting called Ascot. He chants the requiem of Garibaldi, and the praise of the Human Boy in the holidays. He warms to the theme of our debt to Greece, and turns without a grudge or a wink to the celebration of Lord Mayor's Day. Milton's unlovely creed moves him in one mood, and in another he stoops to a little exquisite badinage with the Duke who is for reforming everyone but Dukes.

The book being its author's, we say in saying this that it teems with things good to quote. From Mr. Russell's delicate and vivacious pen, story and anecdote flow "as the winds go, and the clouds sail"; and if at any moment he lacks an illustration all his own, his finger is instantly on the passage in some diary or memoir that serves him to a T.

He is writing about Queen Victoria and the Whigs, and is reminded that her Majesty wished to give Prince Albert the title of "King" by Act of Parliament. This provides the immediate cue to what Melbourne said:—

"For God's sake, ma'am, let's have no more of it. If you once get the English people into a habit of making Kings, you may get them into a habit of unmaking them."

Discussing Ascot, Mr. Russell remembers that her Majesty on one occasion invited or commanded that nobleman of dour piety, Lord Shaftesbury, to be one of her guests at the races. It was not exactly the kindest or most thoughtful of commands, for Ascot was an institution that Lord Shaftesbury would have denounced with solemn gust from every platform in the kingdom. A Melbourne with the scruples of a Shaftesbury might possibly have found courage to reply: "For God's sake, ma'am, invite me to something more respectable"; but the "good" earl pocketed his principles for once, and went to Ascot. It was the beginning and the end of his racing career, and, as late in the day as this, we would give a trifle to know what he wore. Those who can behold in memory Lord Shaftesbury's elongated yellow face of judgment as he glowered from his favorite rostrum, the platform of Exeter Hall, will relish the line that Mr. Russell culls from the sour shades of his diary:—

"It was a dull affair, and I hope harmless."

Other examples of the apt and luminous citation, a mark of skill in every essayist who quotes, will be plenteously found. Speaker Denison, one night, when storm clouds were gathering on the House,

"stepped from the Chair to the Chief Clerk—Sir Denis Le Marchant—who sat immediately below him, and murmured in his ear, 'Sir Denis, I don't at all like the look of things this evening. What would you recommend me to do?' 'I should recommend you, sir, to be uncommonly careful,' said Sir Denis, and went out to his dinner."

And this of Archbishop Temple, presiding over a Conference of one hundred and ninety-four Bishops:—

"Now, Winchester, we should get on better if you didn't talk so much."

"I thought, your Grace, I might save time by rising to say—"

"You'd save much more if you said it sitting down."

Among the longer papers of special interest may be mentioned those on Gladstone, Matthew Arnold, Lord Halifax, Canon Scott Holland, and "Freddy" Leveson.

"In death a hero, as in life a friend."

might be written over any of Mr. Russell's memorials of Gladstone; yet, with the perfect sanity and fairness that distinguish all his appreciations, he perceives that the thing we used to call Gladstonianism, a thing that counted for more even in journalism than in politics, has passed out of fashion. No other cult, however, has taken, or seems in the way to take, its place.

Matthew Arnold is handsomely praised, but there are those who will suggest that his achievement in prose is here slightly overstated. Rarely, very rarely, was Arnold's critical judgment at fault, and his scholarship was both deep and extensive; but the prose pages of this most fastidious man are flecked with syntactical sins. His occasional pieces of translation (we have a few of them in mind from the Greek, from the French, and from the German) were models in their kind, and as nearly flawless as such work can be; but we scruple not to say that in his original prose—and in essays that have been cited as patterns—the great Matthew was sometimes guilty of downright literary slipshod.

Curiously, in one of the two passages which Mr. Russell quotes from him (the second line on page 199), a foolish little Arnoldian error is found. Still, prose must be as good as Matthew Arnold's best before it is worth the pedant's while to rub up his magnifiers.

And now let us say grace for a book of charm, sympathy, and humor abounding.

SAMPLING THE CHINESE PROVINCES.*

YET another excellent book on China from the pen of a lady-traveller, piquant, readable, and enriched with much careful observation. The volume, perhaps, owes something of its gaiety and rapid word-painting to the fact that the chapters are made up of personal letters. The chief Northern and Yangtse River Ports, Peking, Tai Yuen Foo, and the "loess" country of Shansi, the gorges above Incang, the irrigated plain in Szechuen and other wonderful regions were visited by this adventurous pilgrim and her companion, "Deborah." Under the walls and watch-towers of the Imperial capital they saw jumbled against each other motor-cars, camels from Mongolia, a traction-engine, ox-waggons, blue-hooded country carts; as quaint a compound of new and old, East and West, as may be seen under the sun. At one point in the province of Shansi, the route of these two ladies crossed that of the Dalai Lama, and they missed the spectacle by a few weeks only. The motley pageant was made up of camels, baggage-mules, servants galore, and a body-guard of soldiers for the protection of his holiness. The Expedition was billeted upon the different places through which it passed, and hospitality for a single night at Ping Yau cost the citizens nearly four hundred pounds. The living Buddha, it must be remembered, is an ascetic, ministered to by ascetics. If native rumors are true, the Lama and his followers behaved with strange violence and pride. It is said that some Chinese women, who had pressed forward to see him, were beaten to death by his orders. Wayside gossip is not always trustworthy, but the reports remind us that the Chinese expedition to Lhasa may not be a wanton outbreak of military aggression only, and may suggest also to our Indian officials that they have an awkward guest on their hands at Calcutta. Two members of the China Inland Mission saw him pass along the road, but as they belonged to "the outside kingdom" they were not required to prostrate themselves. An interesting account is given of the way in which a strong progressive mandarin in Chung King has set himself to sweep the streets and opium dens of beggars, and train them in an industrial school to earn an honest living. In dealing with their unemployed, the Chinese may get ahead of us unless we quicken the pace. Miss Roe brings before us another problem, common in part to East and West, which is in process of solution. Since the days of the Mantchu conquest the chief provincial capitals have been garrisoned by Mantchu tribesmen, akin in blood to the ruling dynasty. These hereditary pensioners have become a serious charge upon the State funds, they no longer count as an asset for the defence of the Empire, and the Peking Government would like to see them turn their hands to work. An attempt has been made to settle them on farms, but the experiment is not viewed with favor by these hereditary parasites of the reigning family. With time and patience the lazy and inefficient garrisons will doubtless be turned into more or less efficient tillers of the soil. For the time being the authority of the best mandarins is unimpaired by recent changes, so that behind these measures of reform there is a firm hand we may well envy.

We get glimpses in these pages of the sporadic attempts which are being made in different parts of the Empire, with varying degrees of success, to modernise the syllabus of education and also to establish female schools. The failures seem to be due to the dearth of trained and competent teachers and a tendency to follow the formal fashion of the hour. A story is told of one of the Missionary Boarding Schools for Girls, which suggests how difficult it is to break up the coarse undercrust of the sensibilities. The head mistress wished to give the pupils a treat on her approaching birthday, and asked them to choose their own form of entertainment. "We should like to go to the execution ground

* "China As I Saw It." By A. S. Roe. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.

and see the executions" was the strange answer returned. Needless to say, the eccentric choice was disallowed. It would be interesting to get at the root-motive of the request, if it were possible. Did they wish to catch the courage which is supposed to be a special endowment of the robber and the rebel? Or did they desire to exult in the triumph of order over crime, as old Calvinists once thought they would exult in the perdition of the reprobate? Or had they been fed by nursery tales of the penny dreadful class which had left a deposit of uncanny curiosity in the mind? They might have retorted that most English and American tourists visit the execution grounds and some of them pay a high price for the knife that has cut off many heads. An abnormal hardness of feeling often lies in close proximity to strains of gentleness and refinement in the Eastern mind. The present writer remembers a scene when he was taking a walk outside the gates of a small Chinese city. An execution had just taken place, and in the evening shadows two headless trunks weltered by the wayside, with hands lashed together as when dragged out of the city for death an hour before; whilst the heads had been flung by their queues on to the bank at the other side of the footpath. Twenty yards away a group of Chinese boys were playing without any sense of the horror which haunted the Englishman; and yet the Chinese are superstitious. A simple incident at one of Miss Roe's halting-places, told quite casually, is not without its pathos and instructive appeal. "Deborah" had unpacked her color-box to make a sketch of the landscape when a poor Chinaman came up, unbound his ulcerated leg, and made his appeal to the lady-travellers. He had mistaken the color-box for the medicine chest of the itinerating missionary.

The book offers little scope for criticism. The statement is twice made that, after the war with Japan, Chinese soldiers were seen fleeing from the battlefield carrying bird-cages in their hands; also that the Chinese race will be one of the three dominant races of the future. The slight blemish of such repetitions perhaps arises from the fact that letters have been dovetailed together which overlap each other. The book is not ambitious, but it is singularly free from errors. The chapters give facts that have been carefully gleaned and verified, the style is attractive, and many excellent photographs embellish the pages.

AN INTERPRETER OF DARWIN.*

ALIKE in scientific discovery and creative work 1859 was *annus mirabilis*. Darwin gave us "The Origin of Species," Kirchhoff his "Spectrum Analysis," Meredith, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot of their best, in "Richard Feverel," "The Virginians," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Adam Bede." In seizing the two celebrations of last year—first, of the centenary of Darwin's birth in February; and, second, of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of his "Origin of Species," as fit opportunity for sundry deliverances of his own on Darwin's work and personality, Professor Poulton can at best only repeat what has been said already in the memorial volume published at Cambridge. But to re-tell the story of the reception of the "Origin" is not in vain in so far as it recalls what is a too often forgotten lesson, that the opposition which Darwin had to face came not only from defenders of the orthodox creeds, but from defenders of an orthodox science which would accord no support to facts conflicting with its dogma of the fixity of species or types, and, therefore, of the exceptional place of man in the universe. Among the earliest defenders of Darwin was the late Professor Fawcett, who was neither theologian nor scientist. Reference to his article in "Macmillan's Magazine" in 1860 recalls an incident not named by Professor Poulton, that the article was made occasion of by the "Daily Telegraph" to advise the electors of Southwark not to return Fawcett to Parliament! Twenty-two years afterwards, with perhaps more irrelevance, and equal lack of sense of the ridiculous, a customer of Martin's Bank withdrew his account because one of the partners in

the bank had signed the memorial in favor of the interment of Darwin in Westminster Abbey!

The first and second sections of this book embrace an address on "Fifty Years of Darwinism," and a lecture on "The Personality of Charles Darwin," both delivered in America, that happy hunting ground of fossil remains which, notably in the case of the horse, evidence the interrelation and mutability of species. A third section clears up misconceptions which have caused the blaspheming adversary to assume that the Darwinian theory is played out, and in two following sections the author expounds, with the authority of a master of the subject, the theory of mimicry and of color-value in the struggle for life. But the most original feature of the volume is a group of eighteen hitherto unpublished letters from Darwin to Mr. Roland Trimen, a well-known authority on the entomology of South Africa. Mr. Trimen relates that his first glimpse of Darwin was in the Insect Room of the British Museum in 1859, when he overheard Adam White, the keeper of that department, upbraid Darwin for "not stopping with the 'Voyage of the Beagle'"; while a few days after, in the Bird Galleries, a clerical friend pointed him out to Mr. Trimen as "the most dangerous man in England." So far as Darwin has compelled revision of the foundations of faith, whether in the dogmas of science or theology, the parson was right.

The man in the street may take comfort from Professor Poulton's assurance that "it is not necessary to be a biologist in order to comprehend the details and the bearings of the theory of natural selection, since, at the outset of the propounding of that theory, naturalists were often hopelessly puzzled by what was clearly understood by able thinkers who were not students of biology." And when he reads criticisms of the theory, with the result of some bewilderment over the supposed damaging effects of recent or revived experiments thereupon, let him keep in mind this fact—that "the characteristic feature in which natural selection differs from every other attempt to solve the problem of evolution is the account taken of the struggle for existence, and the rôle assigned to it." To state this is to re-state the obvious, but, as Herbert Spencer has insisted, this is no superfluous task. But, having given this needful emphasis, the next, and by far the more important, step is to set forth the far-reaching significance of Darwinism as strengthening that larger theory of evolution which embraces alike the inorganic and the organic in its processes. It is here that the words of Goethe make appealing force. "Man," he says, "is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible." To follow this counsel is to transfer a theory from the domain of the speculative to a region where it makes practical contribution to an all-embracing philosophy of life.

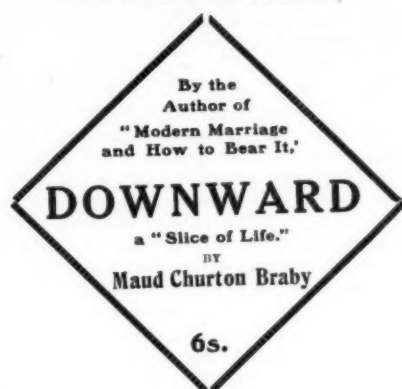
PATHS OF CONQUEST.*

To enter the Khyber Pass, or to stand on the old earthen ramparts of Peshawar, and look across the little stretch of plain to the snow-covered mountains, rising line beyond line as though to bar all possible passage from the north or west or east—that is indeed a lesson in the geography of man. There are certain points in the world where history seems to gather into focus. Constantinople is one, Vienna is another, but, for the great movements of mankind, we doubt if there is any to compare with that apex of a triangle from which you turn south-west to Kandahar and north-west to Kabul, and east to Kashmir, and north to the Roof of the world, while, for base along the south, lies the vast plain of India. Here is the spot at which horde after horde of man's race—savage Dravidians, Sanscrit Aryans of our own blood, Greeks at the height of civilisation, Arabs and Persians inspired by the Prophet—have issued, as it were, into the sunlight after struggling laboriously through those seemingly impenetrable barriers and wind-swept uplands of Cimmerian gloom. Usually the hordes have come as conquerors, to rule for a time among the enervated or indifferent population of the plains, and gradually to become absorbed into the variegated swarm of races that fill the Indian peninsula to overflowing. But sometimes they have returned,

* "Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species: Addresses, &c., in America and England in the year of the Two Anniversaries." By Edward Bagnall Poulton, D.Sc., M.A., F.R.S., &c. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

* "The Gates of India." By Col. Sir Thomas Holdich. Macmillan 10s. net.

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like the Greeks, leaving only a remnant to carry on the memory of their incursion by the sound of names or the forms of art that were slowly merged in the speech or religion of their predecessors; and sometimes they have left large detachments to inhabit the very mountain fastnesses themselves, like fishing eagles among the cliffs, with eyes hungrily turned upon the wide expanses below them.

Those mountain fastnesses and that historic frontier to the plains are the themes of Sir Thomas Holdich's learned and fascinating narrative. The volume is, in fact, the history, or rather the historical geography, of Afghanistan and Baluchistan, as revealed by the glimpses of light thrown upon those difficult regions by the few records of invaders and explorers. In three chapters of the highest interest, he follows, for instance, the probable route of Alexander's armies, endeavoring to explain Arrian's narrative by the light of modern surveys and his own travels. In the same way he gathers up and illustrates the records of Chinese, Arab, and early English exploration, especially the work of such gallant officers as Christie and Pottinger, who made their way unattended through the length and breadth of entirely unknown regions, and, travelling by widely different routes, met again at last in Ispahan.

But, perhaps, of higher interest than any is the author's account of the American traveller, Masson, of whom he says that he stands in the same relation to the Indian borderland as Livingstone does to Africa. Indeed, one can hardly imagine a more intrepid explorer than this American who travelled up and down Afghanistan for years, living alone in the Afghan dress and manner, though as a matter of fact he did not deceive the tribesmen, and probably seldom attempted to deceive them. It is true that travelling was a safer matter in those days than it is at present, because there was less hostility towards the English before the wars of interference with the Kabul Government began. But, for all that, Masson's life among the Afghans must have been a series of daily risks and adventures, for the following is Sir Thomas Holdich's summary of the general idea left by Masson's notebooks, which we still regard as standard works for reference:—

"No one has succeeded better in giving us an impression of the leading characteristics of the Afghan chiefs of his time, and probably there is not much improvement effected by a century of moral development. Steeped up to the eyes in treachery towards each other, debauchees, drunkards, liars, and murderers, one cannot but admire their extraordinary virility. It was truly a case of the survival of the fittest, and the fittest were certainly remarkable men."

The volume is accompanied by an excellent general map of the whole country from the Caspian to Peshawar and Karachi. There are also special maps of the most critical or historic passes, and if anyone wishes to study the famous "North-West Frontier," whether as a traveller or a soldier, here is his opportunity. Yet already, just as our knowledge of that tremendous mountain region is becoming fairly complete, it may be doubted whether its absorbing interest to ourselves as the governing race of India is not decreasing. Hitherto we alone of conquerors have entered India from the sea, for we can hardly count the little settlements of French and Portuguese as conquests. But in future it may be also from the sea that any attack by outside nations upon the predominant Power will be attempted, and the fortifications of the Frontier will remain as interesting memorials of an apprehension that has changed its line of advance.

A RACING NOVEL.*

In "A Newmarket Squire" Mr. Edward Cooper gives us a companion picture to "Mr. Blake of Newmarket," a novel which has won the praise of two authorities so versatile in taste as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Andrew Lang. "A Newmarket Squire," one would think, would be sure to please the more intelligent section of that racing world in whose firmament wheel the great revolving suns of Ascot and Epsom, Newmarket and Sandown Park, but Mr. Cooper, who is a specialist in the racing novel, is, we fancy, more read in West Kensington than in Mayfair. Is it because he mixes a little too much brains with his colors, or is it, perhaps, because the smart woman who simulates an in-

terest in sport and horseflesh to please her men-folk, is really too bored with the subject to pursue it in a book? Surtees and Whyte Melville are surely getting too old-fashioned for this generation, and Lord Rosebery's encomium of Mr. Cooper may conceal an oblique hit at the hereditary bent of the noble army of "backwoodsmen."

Of the two interests, the hero's racing experiences and his love affairs, which form the warp and woof of "A Newmarket Squire," there is good reason for preferring the former. Mr. Cooper, perhaps of set purpose, has made large concessions in Chapter I. to the laziness of his readers, and, by summarising his hero's virtues and weaknesses, has crippled our curiosity as to his fortune in love. "A genial, jesting, kindly, idle creature, easy to send wrong, but equally easy to put right and keep right; a bachelor, because women, so far, had made the mistake of waiting for him to propose to them, instead of proposing to him themselves," &c.; all this ought to have dawned upon us little by little, through the logic of Mr. Vaughan's actions, instead of being fired at us point-blank at the outset. There is much insight shown in the analysis of Mr. Vaughan's wavering inclinations between the devoted friend, Mrs. Landen, the middle-aged woman he has been meaning to marry for years, and Peggy Estcourt, the charming girl of seventeen who falls desperately in love with him. It is simply owing to the premature disclosure of Vaughan's character that the chapters which depict the two women in conflict, and Mrs. Landen's final self-abnegation, fall flat. Again, the social atmosphere of Vaughan's circle is drawn with hesitation, and the aristocratic French *émigrés*, the old-world Duke and Duchess of Lille, seem out of place in the picture. But when we turn from the drawing-room to the stable and the paddock, to the home life and professional worries of the trainer, Mr. Barney Osborne, to the talk of jockeys, touts, and stable lads, we feel that the author has the key to a private door which opens on to the hard-trodden sanctuary of the Turf. It is, perhaps, proof of his intimacy with the inner mysteries that his picture is bathed in the cold, everyday light of prosaic fact, and that he makes his subject appear neither more nor less picturesque than the House of Commons or the Underground Railway.

The story centres round the running of King James, Mr. Vaughan's crack two-year-old, and his handling by the trainers of the Harborough House stables. The colt has shaped so brilliantly in his trials that Vaughan and his close friends believe that he is the best two-year-old of the year, and that he will carry off £15,000 in stakes and "the triple crown" next year. And Mr. Vaughan needs some such miracle to pull his fortunes together. His Newmarket estate brings him in £4,000 a year, but he is £40,000 in debt, not £20,000, as he has confessed to his smart lawyer friend, Dick Hatton, with injunctions that he must get him, somehow, out of the clutches of the millionaire money-lender, Mr. Isaac Aston. Ascot week comes, and on Wednesday, as Mr. Vaughan puts it to his crony, Mrs. Landen, "all my money is being saved up for a huge plunge on Farewell in the Fernhill Stakes to-morrow, and a nerve-shaking plunge up to the eyes on King James in the New Stakes next day." Farewell, luckily, is little fancied in the Ring, and, starting at 11 to 2 against him, wins a smart finish by a neck, earning his palpitating owner £6,600 in bets. Lest the moral should be obscure to the earnest-minded, we quote one of our author's best pages:—

"A cheerful chorus of congratulations greeted Vaughan as he moved up and down the course, and his soul rose high in elation. Yet now and again a little quail would come. Surely it was impossible that King James could really be 2st. better than this; it was incredible that fortune, after buffeting him so long and violently, could be pouring out favors with quite so lavish a hand. Some dull suspicion of what might be going to happen came to the man's mind; fate would tempt him, almost compel him, to put the greater part of to-day's winnings on King James to-morrow, and the colt would be beaten. The same trick had been played on him so often lately—so wearily often; and each time the misery of disappointment and failure had been made a hundred times more miserable by memories of previous success. To-day he simply dared not give himself up to satisfaction, nor accept too gaily these congratulations. Moments of real anxiety came into Vaughan's life nowadays; the anxiety which makes a man stand quite still, with eyes dilating and hands stretched out in quest of something to grip, and a faint, sick feeling, which teaches him for the first time in his life what it is to want a brandy and soda in the middle of the morning, and want it badly. Three

* "A Newmarket Squire." By Edward H. Cooper. Smith, Elder. 6s.

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times this year in the course of his devil-may-care daily life Vaughan had felt like that for a perceptible portion of a minute; and now this afternoon, in the midst of a passion of triumph, which once upon a time would have swept every other thought and fear and memory out of existence, there came again this little cold chill of dread. He could, and did, remember an hour of elation just like this, with its subsequent disaster, though it was nearly two months ago. To be able to remember two-month-old pain and misery—that was a new accomplishment for which he was not at all grateful."

On Thursday, when Mr. Vaughan has gone nap on King James, putting all his winnings on the colt, and standing to gain £25,000, the gambler's torture is at its acutest. "It mattered to him so frightfully whether Curtis's strong hands were able to hold this young colt still . . . his heart throbbed so horribly that for a moment a mist rose before his eyes . . ." &c. But again luck favors the Harborough House stables, and the two-year-old wins from Lifebelt in two clear lengths. This means that Mr. Vaughan is now only £7,000 in debt, and, of course, now that the risk of ruin is over, he vows that he will never, never run it again. He is going to bet in half sovereigns for the future, he tells himself, and his colt's success at Goodwood, next month, will clear off the very last mortgage. Unfortunately for the fruition of these good intentions, fate intervenes, in the shape of an internal illness of, and an unsuccessful operation on Barney Osborne, the trainer, who dies suddenly in hospital, and his management of the Harborough House stables passes into the hands of the incompetent Ledmore, whom Vaughan, in his weak good nature, consents to back. Then everything goes wrong. Vaughan loses "a ton of money" by stupidly plunging in the Cesarewitch, and in order to get it back enters King James for a race which is "suicide" for him on the iron-bound course. Though the crack wins by half a head, his knees are strained, and, after a scene, the great jockey, Curtis, and the owner "part company mutually pleased." And so the story runs, bad luck and blundering, monetary successes tempting the squire to further follies, and ruin awaiting him in his final plunge of "all or nothing" on the favorite on Derby Day.

The bare bones of this familiar tale of the Rake's Progress on the Turf may seem unduly distressing, both to professionals and to thousands of people who lose their honest half-crowns, year after year, in the hope of spotting a winner, and Mr. Cooper has instinctively softened the outline by introducing Peggy's love idyll, and by throwing her into the Squire's arms at the close. Our last glimpse of Frank Vaughan is as the manager of a South African millionaire's racing stud—typical, no doubt, of our plutocracy's triumph. Though the lights and shades of racing life are very fairly distributed over the whole canvas, a genius would have concentrated his effects, and shown more intensity in the scenes of gathering crisis. Much more, also, might have been made of the figure of Lord Exmoor, the waster, who goes off with his wife's governess in a hired yacht, and then turns up in time to create a scandal at the Cesarewitch. And Lady Exmoor's cynical remark to Mrs. Landen, on this occasion, will please the moralist, who, we know, has an immemorial right to the last word: "Just as you please." Lady Exmoor looked round her with critical consideration. "I should have said myself that this was just the right entourage for the discussion; rage, fever, betting-books, mud, empty beer-bottles, old lobster-shells, broken-down cabs, broken-down gamblers, every sort of stupid blundering which God's dull earth ever produces; surely that's the right atmosphere in which to discuss my husband's and my story."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

In "The Price of Blood" (Murray, 5s. net), Captain Semenoff, of the Russian Navy, continues the account of the Port Arthur disasters and the ill-fated endeavor of Rojestvensky's fleet to go to the rescue of the doomed fortress. His previous books, "Rasplata" ("The Reckoning") and "The Battle of Tsushima," brought up the story to his capture as prisoner of war by the Japanese after the destruction of the Russian fleet, and the present volume carries on the diary from that point up to his arrival at St. Petersburg after the peace. It thus covers the months from May to December, 1905. On the whole, the interest is not so great

as in the other books, because the account is necessarily more private, and there is no suspense, no great issue in question on which the fate of nations depends. We are given the fears and lamentations of a wounded officer in the power of the enemy, and, as a matter of fact, the Japanese would have had a perfect right to hang him for returning to the war after he had been formerly released on parole, and he was only saved by the personal favor of a Japanese officer. The story of the treatment of the prisoners in a Japanese hospital is not pleasant reading, for they seem to have been exposed to various insults at the hands of a people who pride themselves on chivalry and scrupulous manners. But, brave man as the author is, he may possibly have taken things rather hardly, for his style betrays the over-sensitive, emotional, and rather irritable Russian, always too apt to despair. There is the same tendency as in the former volumes to rather confused reflection—a brooding meditation that we do not associate with naval men. But we should not expect very high spirits from a seriously wounded prisoner, and the diary is of great value from its obvious truth.

MISS GEORGINE MILMINE'S "The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net) is based on a series of articles contributed by the author to "McClure's Magazine." It tells in detail the story of Mrs. Eddy's life and the process by which she built up her extraordinary organisation. Miss Milmine is under no illusion regarding Mrs. Eddy's claims, and her book seems to us judicious and impartial, though it is difficult from the picture given of Mrs. Eddy to understand the fascination she undoubtedly possesses. The founder of the Christian Science Church is described as selfish, fickle, unlearned, suspicious, and unscrupulous, quick to adopt a favorite and quick also to rid herself of one the moment she discovers any diminution of the unthinking obedience or the unqualified admiration she expects. The book will in all probability not be read by Christian Scientists, but it is in some respects one of the best accounts of the movement that has yet appeared.

"LONDON PRIDE AND LONDON SHAME" (P. S. King & Son, 6s. net), by Mrs. L. Cope Cornford, is a series of essays and sketches on various aspects of London life. Mr. Cornford takes us to the Abbey, St. Paul's, the House of Commons, Hyde Park, and to such institutions as hospitals, crèches, and Children's Happy Evenings Associations. Though Mr. Cornford often rides his prejudices with an exuberant confidence that they will be shared by the world—his references to Gladstone and Kipling on page 10 is an example—he has observation and humor. The essays on "Free Speech" and "Culture" are in our view the best in the book. The latter, especially, describing a lecture on "Plato's Idea of the Relation of Body to Spirit," is a clever piece of satirical writing.

"THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW" opens with an interesting account of "The Boyhood of Algernon Charles Swinburne," by a cousin of the poet, Mrs. Disney Leith. Some of his early letters are printed, and the writer speaks of his early love of books, particularly of Dickens's serial stories which were appearing in his youth. "The Political Heptarchy," by Captain E. N. Mozley, classifies and tabulates the results of recent elections, and argues that "it is more likely if an early appeal were made to the constituencies the swing would be towards rather than away from Liberalism." "John Stuart Mill once stated that the only justification for a revolution was its success. The same thing is true about a General Election forced upon a nation." The Conservatives thought they had evidence that they could be returned to power, and forced the last election on the country. "The revolution has failed, and is, therefore, unjustified. But a wanton second attempt, with the figures dead against them, would be worse than unjustified; it would be criminal." Mr. Upton Sinclair in "Perfect Health" proclaims the benefits of a long abstinence from food, and speaks of remarkable cures which protracted fasting accomplished in his own case and in the case of several of his friends. "The Stalls of Barchester," by Dr. Montague James, is a clever tale of a crime committed by a cathedral dignitary and the nemesis which followed. Mr. Charles

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THE INDEX TO VOLUME VI. OF THE NATION

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Tennyson contributes a vigorous article against "The Libraries' Censorship," and Dr. Dillon his usual article on Foreign Affairs. The latter deals, among other matters, with Persia, and maintains that foreign control is indispensable in that country.

The Week in the City.

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As the exports gold from New York are now being received at the Bank the monetary situation is easier; but the bank return is still far below normal strength in view of the rapid expansion of trade which many good judges in the City are now confidently predicting. Over two millions of gold, however, is either here or on the way from New York, and if this export can be doubled we may be able to avoid a five per cent. rate and a severe pressure in the autumn. The stock markets have been fairly buoyant, and a welcome little boom has been started in Home Railways. The public are still buying rubber shares, but the market has not been quite so frothy since the set-back.

THE COMMOTION IN CHINA.

A good deal of anxiety is felt about the anti-foreign agitators in China. The metaphor used is the carving of a melon, the same which is employed in the United States to indicate a favorite method by which the magnates add to their fortunes at the expense of shareholders. In China this figure of the melon represents the carving up of China by foreign capitalists. The old hatred of railways is disappearing, and the new Nationalist movement is to build railways without foreign aid and to pay off foreign loans. Unfortunately, when Chinese money is subscribed for a railway, the Viceroy "borrows it" for some other purpose, and it is never heard of again. A lot of yellow papers have sprung up lately which preach in the style of the "Daily Mail" the duty of hating foreigners. Cool observers fear trouble.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

Wall Street rallied a little on the Supreme Court's decision to have the Standard Oil and Tobacco prosecutions re-argued; but the rally was only temporary. Mr. Henry Clews, in a recent circular, ascribes the gold exports to an adverse trade balance and to the refusal of Europe, which has already had about £40,000,000 worth of new American securities, to take any more at present prices. The foreign demand for our securities, he writes, has suddenly subsided; and the adverse trade balance, it is feared, will continue until the new crops are available. Considerable quantities of grain and provisions are still held back, and these may be exported later on, thus partially relieving the export situation. Another depressing factor has been a sudden rush to market new securities in unexpectedly large volume. The railroads continue in need of immense sums to keep facilities equal to demands, and a desire to take advantage of the first opportunity the market afforded has been accelerated by fear of Federal restrictions upon the issue of new securities. The flotations during the month of March were unusually heavy and it is known that many other important amounts are suspended awaiting the next opportunity. The result is a much congested bond market. The new issues have been readily underwritten, but have not yet been successfully placed with investors. Low rate bonds, moreover, are adversely affected by the better rates demanded for money, and the necessity of investors securing as large returns as possible in order to meet the increased cost of living. Short term notes are again coming into prominence as the most feasible method of raising funds for the railroads. One more element of weakness has been the labor situation.

THE BUENOS AIRES EXHIBITION.

The exhibitions, which begin next month in Buenos Aires, will bring a large crowd of English visitors, for the

interests of our country in Argentina are enormous and increasing. We send to that Republic more merchandise than Germany, the United States, and Belgium combined. English capital in Argentina stands at about 175 millions sterling; France comes next with less than 30 millions. Buenos Aires, second Latin city to Paris, has a host of attractions, but travellers (writes a recent visitor) will be unwise if they concentrate all their attention upon the capital, which is merely the creation of the stupendous grain and pastoral industries—the staples of Argentina. Bahia Blanca, the Liverpool of the West, as well as a growing military port, should not be omitted, nor Rosario, within a railway journey of seven hours. Sixty years ago it was an unimportant village; now it has nearly 200,000 inhabitants. Even more interesting is Mendoza, the seat of the wine industry, which is said to possess the fourth largest *bodega* (wine factory) in the world, and from which there will now be direct railway communication to Valparaiso on the one side and to Buenos Aires on the other. The Andini tunnel, the last link, has just been opened. To the north there is Cordoba, an ancient seat of Spanish culture, and Tucuman, famous for its sugar industries, which now supply practically the whole requirements of the population. Then such estancias, as the famous ranches of Lemcoor Bovril, should be visited. There is more or less adequate hotel accommodation, and particulars can be obtained from the large Argentine directory which is to be found in all hotel offices and places of business. The Argentine paper dollar is worth about 1s. 9d., and the London and River Plate Bank, the Anglo-South American, and other banking firms make arrangements for changing money; but if a traveller wishes for the best of the exchange, he should probably carry Bank of England notes. Should anyone wish to cross over into Chile, he should obtain Chilean money at a bank in Mendoza. Gold and silver coins are hardly ever seen. In May and June the climate of Buenos Aires is at its best, and the other places mentioned above do not differ greatly. The sun is bright and the nights are cold. A writer says: "So far as the climate is concerned, the city would seem to have justly earned its nomenclature of 'Buenos Aires.' In the old days the imperfect sanitary system undoubtedly militated strongly against the natural healthfulness of the spot. As it is, the death rate testifies to the excellence of the present conditions. In 1904 this had diminished to the strikingly low point of 14.6 per 1,000 inhabitants. There are few cities in Europe which can boast such a satisfactory record as this."

THE RAILWAYS.

Not less than the industries, the railways have created the wealth of Argentina, which is the one country in South America that does not suffer from lack of communications. In 1890 the mileage was 5,745, now it is 15,476. The four great lines, all English, are the Buenos Aires Great Southern, the Buenos Aires and Pacific, the Buenos Aires Western, and the Central Argentine. Railway competition is severe, and this fact, coupled with the drought, has caused heavy falls in some of the stocks. French and Government lines (State or Provincial) are hard at work, and all companies have to make large outlays on docking and station accommodation. On the other hand, the Federal Government encourages railways, being anxious to develop the country, and the Mitre law has put railway economics upon a satisfactory basis. A writer in the "Economist" lately remarked of the Buenos Aires and Pacific (which has lately fallen sharply) that "unless the country's prosperity is sharply checked in the next two years, the company will surely reap the reward of its forward policy, as it deserves to. . . . The chairman did not exaggerate the fertility of the country served by the Pacific over the greater portion of its mileage. As most of this is newly settled country, there is room for immense development. This is bound to come rapidly, and bring good and increasing profits to the Pacific." These remarks apply to most of the Argentine lines, though the price level last year was too high. When Patagonia (rapidly coming to the front as a wool producer) is developed, some of the companies will gain very largely, and the same remark applies to the Chaco and northern forest land. In the whole of the vast area of Patagonia there is as yet only one short line—the Chubut Railway.

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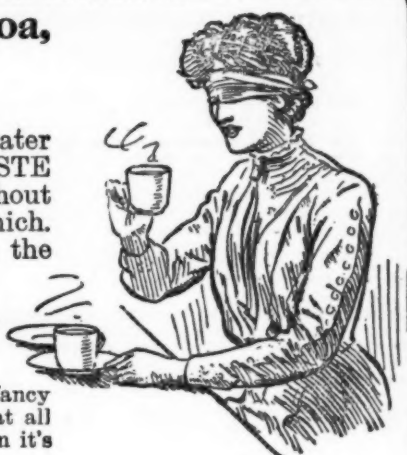
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